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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

APRIL, 1914

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The Ethics of Psychical Research.

ON February 12th of the present year Henri Bergson was elected a Member of the French Academy. Thus he attains the one great honour which still remained. His life has been a veritable triumph for pure thought. Amongst those who write, amongst men of science, no name is more highly and universally honoured. In every land he has his enthusiastic and devoted adherents. A writer in The Theosophical Quarterly is making a systematic effort to show the relation of Bergson's thought to philosophical thought since the early days of Greece, and in this way to give us a true perspective of his remarkable achievement, but for years to come, the dynamic influence of his thought will react on the world's thinking. He is one of those who create the standards, create the faculties even, by which they are judged, and only time can rightly build his monument.

Meanwhile, we venture to copy, from *The New York Times,* a very suggestive comment on Bergson's election to the French Academy. "At the end of the year 1912," says this comment, "one of the London daily newspapers asked a number of more or less eminent persons what they regarded as having been the most important event of the year that was just closing. Most of the replies were of the expected character, mentioning the conquest of the air, radium, and other obvious triumphs of mankind over matter. One notability, however, was original. He placed among the most important vents of 1912 the Rediscovery of the Soul by Bergson.' "

That is a phrase sufficiently noteworthy in itself. The comment continues: "It was in the year in question that M. Bergson first came prominently into the notice of the English-speaking peoples. He visited London and afterward came to the United States, lecturing on his system

of philosophy and on philosophy generally. In England his works created what can only be described as a furore, and though his admirers in America are not apparently as numerous as in England, they are equally enthusiastic. "Bergson has not escaped without harsh criticism. A writer in an English review accused him of violating many of the fundamental rules of logic and of ignorance of some of the first axioms of philosophy; but he emerged triumphantly from all this criticism, and is now regarded as the leading metaphysician of Europe."

Now comes what is, for us, the most interesting part of the comment: "The curious thing about Bergson's philosophy is, that, like the philosophy of Schopenhauer, it is no more original than Buddhism or Vedantism could be claimed as original if now taught for the first time in the Occident. Schopenhauer obtained his ideas from that inexhaustible reservoir of metaphysic, India, though he never admitted it. Bergson has done the same thing, though he is more honest. His doctrine, in a sentence, is, that the vital principle manifests itself through matter; and he thus comes sharply into conflict with the Monists and other products of the Darwinian-Haeckelian schools."

This is a noteworthy estimate, but it is unjust to Schopenhauer, who wrote enthusiastically of the Upanishads, the head and source of the Indian wisdom: "They have been my consolation in life and will be my hope in death." No one could say more, or more generously acknowledge a debt.

There is another side of Bergson's work, another personal triumph also, which naturally comes to mind when we speak of his election to the French Academy: the fact that he was, in 1913, President of the Society for Psychical Research, which has done such noteworthy work of recent years in exploring the borderland of the kingdom of Death. It is hard to say which is the more significant, that this Society, which has so many highly distinguished English members, should have elected a Frenchman President, or that Henri Bergson should have accepted its presidency. Both facts are signs of the times, and, taken together, they suggest to us a somewhat deeper consideration of the whole subject of psychical research and especially of its ethical aspect.

We may refer to two articles, as giving a general survey of the whole field of psychical research as it is to-day: First, a recent study, in *The Hibbert Journal,* of what are called "non-evidential" facts of record; statements, that is, which have been obtained through psychics, and which seem to throw light on the general condition of the borderland of death, while at the same time they fail to establish the personal identity of the dead persons who are supposed to be communicating; and, secondly, an article in the present number of THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY,

which quotes from a remarkable series of letters which purport to come from a group of very well-known men, the first generation of leaders of psychical research, all of whom are now in the world on the other side of death. One might call these "Letters from Hades," using that name in the Hellenic sense, of the dwelling-place of the departed; whatever we may think of them, they constitute one of the most remarkable series of letters that have ever been printed.

Before commenting on this whole subject, we may add a very recent document, which is supposed to have been dictated, in the early days of the present year, by the psychic personality of the late W. T. Stead, who went down with the Titanic: "It is a beautiful tribute," says the supposed shade of Mr. Stead, "one infinitely touching and appreciated by all, the strewing of the waters under which sank so many in that great disaster. Beautiful as was the conception and the execution of that conception, still more beautiful, more soul-satisfying, would be a recognition that we who went down into the icy depths are capable, if given an opportunity, an invitation, to live again, in a higher spiritual sense, with our friends and loved ones whom we left. But, alas! the clouds of unbelief, of incredulity, are so dense, and the pity of it that living men make that cloud which bars the intercommunication. They long for 'the touch of the vanished hand,' and yet they will not accept even the possibility of the power and the possibility, nay, the probability, nay, the certainty of receiving that touch. They put their hands across their eyes and say, 'No, no. No, no. I want you, but don't come back.' That is the attitude of humanity, not alone to us to whom the beautiful tribute was paid, but to the unnumbered millions who have passed the veil. And the pity, the pity of it.—Stead."

Let us try to see the bearing of all this. And let us, for the purpose of this comment, assume that among much that we may call matrix in these messages, there is yet a residuum of genuine metal; and, for the moment postponing the weighty question of the moral rightness of the process, let us ask what is the value of the assay. The first thing that stands out strikingly is the small case that the communicating spirits, if we may call them so, make of death, of the fact of having died, which, in prospect, seems so formidable. One and all, they make light of it, comparing it to an almost negligible journey, a passage from one station to another. It would seem that, in the sense of personal identity, the physical body counts for far less than we generally think; the psychical part of us is far more vital.

After the act of death, Myers and Hodgson are Myers and Hodgson still, to the tips of their fingers; indeed, we are far more certain of their continued identity than of any continuance of form. Myers is, as of old, impulsive, sensitive, poetical, rather morbid, perhaps; quoting

unusual lines of Shakespeare, the Brownings, Horace, Tennyson. William James, if it be he, is lucid, forceful, judicial; keenly criticising himself: his memory is clear on past events, but the recollection does not embrace each detail any more than ours; his memory was not intensified or clarified by death, but neither was it dimmed. He is equally lucid in what he says of the living, who fail to recognize the testimony for the dead or to feel their presence: the settled and definite tone of being alone is one of their great barriers. If they might know the near and close proximity of those who have died, they would be at peace.

If this be genuine, therefore, as we assume, then Henri Bergson's splendidly cogent analysis is fully justified. Tracing memory, not as abiding in the brain, but as a pure psychic power, to the moment of death, and finding it at that point rich and complete, we are justified in believing, he says, that it remains as full and complete "on the other side of death."

Personal identity, then, is continuous and complete; not as a mere memory and reverberation of life, but with real growth: new purposes, new observation, new knowledge, flowing from the old, from the capital carried to the new country by the adventurous colonist. It is no mere echo-consciousness, but vital, creative, full of effort and will.

An effort, too, which is concerted with others of the "band of brothers"; both Myers and William James, if it be they, speak of Hodgson's presence and expert help in "putting across the footlights," so to speak, what they have to say. And in like manner, Gurney breaks in with a passionate appeal that Myers be not disturbed in the first sensitive days after the act of death. And these colonists in death's realm are conscious also of the work of those who remain in "the old country": thus Myers speaks of new work of the "dear old chap," Sir Oliver Lodge, while James has seen Lodge, and, speaking of Lodge's work, declares that it is more sure than his own, more unequivocal; Lodge has wonderful faith and patience, he says, and is a thoughtful and careful investigator.

If one be interested in that strange, fertile idea of the fourth dimension, one will find in these messages much that may lend colour to the thought that those who send them find themselves in conditions that we might call four-dimensional. Take, on the one hand the curious ignoring of distances, so that Myers may dictate at the same time to an amanuensis in India, another in Algiers, a third in America; and on the other such a description as that which he gives, speaking of having seen his surviving colleagues at a meeting looking as flat as cardboard figures seen through a gray mist; exactly the expression we might expect, to describe a view from space of four dimensions.

Let us come now to the more serious aspects of the question. What is the bearing of all this on life, on our standard of values, on conduct? One application, and a vital one, is suggested by two sentences in these letters from beyond the grave. The first I have already quoted, as from William James, concerning the barrier that hides the dead from the living: "I have sat at table at home so many times since I came here. This is one of the hardest places my wife has to pass. The settled and definite tone of being alone is ever present there. If she might know my near and close proximity she would be at peace." That is the point: If we might know their near and close proximity we should be at peace.

The other is in a letter from Myers: "There is no sadder mistake than to imagine that by mourning for the dead their state of happiness is increased. Love they desire, but not lamentation." Need we press the significance of these two sentences? If they convey a true message, then their acceptance would change the whole face of life, bringing light into our darkness and assuaging intolerable grief. We should gradually realize the solidarity of the two worlds, the seen and the unseen; we should come in time to live in a sense in both, thus gradually wearing away the veil and mastering death.

So far the affirmative side, which we have agreed to accept, in order that we might realize its bearing and its reach. But we come now to the other side: the deep misgiving whether, if all this be true, it is also wise and right. Is there not, to begin with, a deep offence to our feeling of reverence in the manner of these peerings into death, and the atmosphere that surrounds them. Take, for illustration, the sentence quoted as from Edmund Gurney, who died twenty-five years ago: "I have come to warn you for my friend, to implore you not to let them call him. He gets no rest day or night. At every sitting, 'Bring Myers! Call Myers!' . . . For God's sake don't call him." Frankly, one finds this violation of the deepest sanctities horrible, and no supposed gain of knowledge lessens one's feeling of profound offence against spiritual law. Immortality, in all our purest intuition, is bound up with holiness, but there is no thought of holiness here; nothing but rasping and raucous curiosity, as vulgar as that at a catchpenny show.

Then is there not, on the showing of these letters themselves, the most serious danger to those thus summoned from their rest? The indications are, that they pass at first into a condition of stillness, of gestation, in which slow and sensitive growth begins, opening the way for more spiritual, more subjective after-states, rising gradually from the psychical to the spiritual, from the earthy to the heavenly. What thought, then, could be more shocking than that our prying curiosity might bring about what one can only call spiritual abortion, a result such as proceeds from ripping or crushing a chrysalis? What monstrosities

in the other world might not be brought about in this way? Take a sentence quoted as from Myers: "In my present state thoughts pain me more than wounds or burns could do while I lived." Think, then, of the danger of inflicting wounds or burns on what one may, perhaps, call a spiritual embryo, passing through the critically dangerous period of gestation.

Sir Oliver Lodge and those who work with him, in what we must all admit is a pure and self-sacrificing love of truth, would, perhaps, reply that, even granting that these dangers are as real and formidable as we have suggested, yet there are occasions when one is justified in running grave danger, even in inflicting serious pain. The knife and cautery are used by the surgeon, and wisely and rightly used. So that these pioneers may be regarded in a sense as making the sacrifice of their well-being, their spiritual life itself, perhaps, that we who remain may learn the high truth of immortality.

To this eloquent and moving plea, there are two answers. The first, which has for us a tremendous significance which it had not for its first hearers, is this: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." These investigations do not convince the skeptic, though they may give more vivid color to the thought of those who already believe. If there be, as we are persuaded, a growing belief in immortality, it is rather in spite of these psychic pryings than because of them; it is a part, far rather, of that growing spiritual life of our time, which is affecting all science, from chemistry to philosophy, all religion from practical conduct to abstruse theology, all life, from the most direct dealing with our fellowmen to our conception of the All-Merciful. If one speak somewhat frankly, these researches with their department of publicity and their sensational announcements have vulgarized rather than fortified the thought of immortality; and fundamentally because they seek to promote a belief in immortality divorced from the idea of holiness.

There is the heart of the matter. If there be a right and legitimate knowledge of the things of death and the beyond, of the further growth of that mysterious soul which struggles submerged in our earthly lives, then one cannot doubt that this knowledge can come in one way alone: through spiritual growth and illumination gained through obedience to the deeper law; through holiness as having its heart and being in obedience. Bodily sight, the exquisitely delicate mechanism of the eye with its most mysterious power of vision, comes as the result of long development, a growth of powers gained by the strictest obedience to law, in a realm where there is but one penalty of disobedience: death. Can we believe that spirtual vision is more easily come by; is less under law, law far deeper, far more exacting, searching the things of the heart,

as natural law searches the powers of organic life? Is there not something repulsive as well as vulgar in the thought of these automatist communicators, often blindfolded, entranced, with painful writhings and spasmodic gestures, being the authentic representatives of the vision of the soul?

We are conscious, therefore, of a deep-rooted conviction, that while the investigators are earnest, sincere, self-devoted; while, as we believe, very much of what they record as coming from the dead, does indeed so come, a quite authentic message; yet the whole of this science of the dead may be wrong in its line of advance, highly dangerous to the communicators from beyond death; not illuminating, but rather misleading, for those who receive their communications, and who allow their view of spiritual law to be coloured and shaped by them.

It is quite thinkable that this singular band of psychic seekers, now re-united, it would seem, in their new realm, may not at all represent the normal and rightful processes of life after death. In virtue of their strong bent, accumulated energy and psychic momentum, of their wills and thoughts being set upon visualizing, so to speak, the things of death and the beyond, may they not have built up about them a quite exceptional and unrepresentative psychic atmosphere, in a realm where, it seems certain, thoughts are plastic and formative powers? May their position as communicators not be a part of this abnormal state, something not intended or approved by the deeper law; and therefore fundamentally productive of error rather than of truth?

But there may be, on the other hand, a right and true mode of approach; not through a stark and mechanical exploitation of the abnormal psychic faculty of others, but through our own slow and normal growth, and the unfolding of powers not psychical but spiritual. It may well be that spiritual life, resting in holiness and founded on unceasing obedience of heart and act, is not limited, for a knowledge of the deeper things of life and death, to dialectics and a threshing of testimonies of the past; that virtue will do more than establish simple rightness of act between man and man; that it will, indeed, enrich and develop the whole nature, moral and spiritual, bringing real faculties and powers to light, whereby we might, as our whole life and consciousness are spiritualized, come into knowledge, at once lawful and authentic, of what now lies hidden in the great beyond. If we rightly consider the matter, are not the recorded testimonies which we dispute over, the ancient records of faith, the fruit of just such spiritual growth, the honestly gained treasure of those who entered by the door, not stealing in some other way? Have we not high authority for the truth that we can know the doctrine only as we live the life?

FRAGMENTS

A VOICE called from long, long distances: "Behold! Give ear!" And I raised my eyes and saw the armies of Heaven marching across the sky, and great St. Michael leading. And as file after file of them passed in endless crores of millions, I heard the pæans of victory so loud that the roar of Hell was silenced.

In my heart spoke another voice, beloved above all voices: "Remember, child, remember, when the light grows dim and in darkness the way is hard to find; when men's ears are deaf and their hearts are hard and they will not turn or listen; when all your toil seems vain and the goal an endless vista,—remember the armies of Heaven marching across the sky, and the great St. Michael leading."

"You cannot enter into communion with me without suffering, for my life is a life of suffering; nor can you otherwise know its transcendent joys, for joy is its fruit. To go *half-way* is misery; but *all* the way is heaven."

CAVÉ.

THE EASTERN CHURCH

III

The Russian Church.

THE change from the vexed and harassed sea of theological bickering which we studied in the last paper, to the swift strong current of Russia's religious history is so abrupt and surprising that a moment must be taken for readjustment. It seems almost incredible that the content of the headlong torrent on which we at once find ourselves borne irresistibly along can be identical with that of its wide and shallow source, and that point granted, we must take into definite account the factors of velocity and depth in order to understand how the whole expanse of laughing ripples can find an outlet between such narrow banks.

The actual physical geography of the country to be traversed is no negligible quantity in its religious development; a country of vast distances, impenetrable forests, monotonous undulating steppes and frozen plains bound together and linked to the outer world by a network of magnificent rivers, the only possible highways of communication and civilization. Up one and another of these, the first missionaries sailed to visit the barbarous Scythia; and though the legends are a vague shadowy jumble of homely and miraculous events, reality is impressed upon them by the names of the Volga, the Dnieper, and the Neva, the topographical truths bearing witness to the germ of fact at the center of the stories. We can deny any save a symbolic existence to the millstone which St. Anthony so adroitly transformed from a weight about his neck to a sailing craft on which to journey, but the actuality of the Rome whence he fared forth, of the seas and rivers which he navigated, and of the picturesque stronghold of old Novgorod where he ultimately arrived, binds the tale to the land and water world of our positive knowledge. The figure of the voyaging St. Andrew may lack to our heavy imaginations the semblance of a flesh-and-blood man, but the low-lying banks of the Dnieper, which he so eagerly scanned from the prow of his vessel are still present to help vivify the image of the explorer, and the heights of Kieff makes plausible his prophetic exclamation: "On these hills shall shine forth the grace of God! Upon them there shall rise a great city of many churches!" A clearly conceived country also makes it easier for us to picture the more historic adventures of Cyril and Methodius, to appreciate the magnitude of their labor in penetrating the wilds where they had first to acquire a barbarous tongue and then invent for it an alphabet before giving to the inhabitants the

priceless gift of their vernacular translation of the Gospels and the Psalms.

It is with a people somewhat leavened by such influences that we find the country populated at the time of its actual conversion in the middle of the eleventh century; while over them reigned a prince, Vladimir, whose Slavic immobility was at least faintly stirred by the blood of his Norman ancestor Ruric and by the influence of his grandmother Olga, the first royal convert to Christianity.

The event is chronicled in the very next generation by "the venerable Bede of the Russian Church," Nestor, himself a monk of that very convent prophesied by St. Andrew at Kieff. Through his narrative we can vividly sense the temper and mind of the Prince in his interviews with the successive delegations which flocked from all sides in high hope of capturing him and his subjects each for its own spiritual fold. Keeping in mind the heavy burden of dialectics borne presumably in their theological budgets, it is enlightening to note through the eyes and mouth of a contemporary both the arguments used as decoys and the essentially racial reactions of the wary prize.

Upon the Mussulmans' heaven, the description of which closed their long dissertation on God and the Prophet, Vladimir turned his back with some apparent regret, but with a quite comprehensible refusal to give up the very present joy of unlimited vodka for a kindred joy in a problematical future. "Drinking is our great delight, we cannot live without it," was his ultimatum. To the arguments of the Roman Catholics who suddenly materialized out of the West, his opposition was quite as characteristically national, his abrupt decision "Go home! our fathers did not receive their religion from the Pope," voicing the deference of a very Russian for custom and precedent; while in his query "do you wish perhaps that we too should suffer loss of country through the wrath of God?" with which he angrily dismissed the Jewish delegation, we hear sounded the typical note of dominant patriotism.

His final interview with a philosopher from Constantinople must be given at some length for its delightful presaging of the future. We may well suppose that the Grecian scholar had at his disposal all the subtleties of theology and of culture, yet the wiles of wisdom were his too and his address to the grown-up child confronting him was in this wise: "We learn, O Prince, of the many false and wicked people who have sought to lead you to their belief; that of the Mussulmans is an abomination in the face of heaven, and judgment will fall upon them as of old on Sodom and Gomorrah!" which struck so immediate a moral spark from the prince that he cried "This is shameful!" and spat upon the ground. "As for the Papists," continued the Greek, "they celebrated the mass with unleavened bread, therefore they have not the true religion." Which was accepted without question, the mind of the Prince pushing forward to the spontaneous inquiry "Why was He in whom you believe crucified by the Jews?" which gave the coveted opening for a long and positive

affirmation of the Divine act from before the beginning of the world to the ultimate finality of the Seventh General Council, closing with a recital of the rewards and punishments meted out to the just and the unjust. Up to the point we feel, and feel with sympathy, no response in the mind of his royal audience; but here he produced from the folds of his mantle a powerful argument in the shape of an actual picture of the Last Judgment, an incontrovertible, eye-convincing proof that the saints on the right hand did indeed ascend into a heaven of comfortable golden glory, while the sinners on the left descended as obviously into a painful flaming hell. The deep sigh which its contemplation elicited from the Prince and his exclamation "Happy are those on the right! Woe to those on the left!" may be taken as an epitomized vindication of the long struggle against iconoclasm which has so stirred the Eastern Church in the preceding century, and as a foreword of the vast influence sacred pictures were to play in the religious and national life of Russia. Its quick appeal was destined to wax into a passion, not for works of art as such but for pictorial emblems and visual instructions. Everywhere in public and in private these painted representations became the consecrating element, to an extent only paralleled in the history of Egypt, where the picture-encrusted churches of Moscow were prototyped by the ancient temples.

By following the fortunes of one of the most revered of these pictures, that known as "Our Lady of Vladimir," one could gather an almost unbroken history of the nation. Believed to have been painted by Constantine the Great, it was brought back by Vladimir himself after the victory of Kherson and finally deposited in the most sacred of Russian cathedrals. Used on every great occasion of national thanksgiving, or carried in the van of battle, it represents exactly the idea of an ancient palladium, a watchword and a flag to support the courage of generals and the patriotism of troops.

It is only by a distinct effort of the imagination that the West can realize what these archaic images represent to the minds of another race, or how widely the Bible story is disseminated even now by the means of primitive pictures, but we can better our comprehension by noting Vladimir's immediate quickening. When however the Greek, encouraged by the emotions so evidently produced, sought to clinch matters at once with the exhortation "Then if you would enter heaven with the just on the right, consent to be baptized!" he discovered to his chagrin that he had struck too soon, that the metal of the mind was still too cool to be malleable, for after a moment of profound reflection the Prince replied "I will wait yet a little while," and sent him home gift-laden but not triumphant.

A year passed, but the fire evidently smouldered, for at the end of that time a delegation of nobles was despatched to spy upon each belief on its native heath. They returned with an unfavorable report of the Mussulmans because forsooth they "prayed with covered heads

and the stench of the mosques was insupportable," and with a frank scorn for the bare dullness of the German churches; but over the splendor of the service at Constantinople they sang a very paean of praise. Not in vain had the Patriach's order "Let them see the glory of our God," been carried out with all the resources which the unrivaled richness of the Cathedral of St. Sophia could command. The effect of that gold-encrusted interior, resounding with the music of the choirs, with picture and vestment blended in the blue mist of swaying censors, upon the rude denizens of the frozen north is told us in their own words: "We knew not if we were not in heaven, for in truth it would be impossible on earth to find such richness. We can only believe that we were verily in the presence of God, and it is impossible for us to remain longer where we are." Nevertheless remain they did, and that for some time, for the obdurate prince was still averse to change. It was not until his victory at Kherson for which he had cannily bartered a promise of baptism to the new Deity, and had further utilized the selfsame pledge in acquiring the Princess Anna as his wife, that he finally yielded himself to the rite.

But the fateful step once taken his whole zeal belonged thenceforward forever to his adopted faith. His former idol, the poor old wooden god Percun was disenthroned, dragged mercilessly across country at a horse's tail and summarily thrown into the Dnieper; and the assembled people, whether in forced obedience or in glad imitation of their prince, were one and all immersed in the river beneath the heights of Kieff, the Greek priests reading the prayers of baptism and so accomplishing to all outward intent the Christianization of Russia at one fell swoop. In such wise was the whole knife-edged mass of orthodoxy, which had been crystallized from the mist of philosophical speculation by centuries of heated discussion accepted in its entirety, without examination, on the evidence of the wrappings in which it is presented. It is a striking spectacle of a people converted without missionaries, without bloodshed, without hesitation, but simply through the command and example of their ruler; a significant foundation for an empire destined to build its structure through the interaction of a limitless energy and a faithful, unquestioning submission. In no other modern nation is the Church so immediately under the influence of the Sovereign, the Sovereign so immediately under the influence of the Church. Even the right of investiture, elsewhere but a passive and formal acceptance of the crown, here becomes a religious ceremony with the Tsar himself as the active agent. Duly prepared by fasting and seclusion he himself recites the confession of the orthodox faith and offers up the prayer of intercession for the empire; and after himself placing the crown upon his own head enters the sacred doors of the innermost sanctuary and in virtue of his consecration communicates with bishop, priest and deacon.

In the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, within the Kremlin,

lies the long succession of the early tsars, above the coffins their portraits painted each with a glory around his head—not the glory of a saintly, but of this imperial canonization. Twice a year a funeral service is performed for all those "who there lie buried under the burden of sins, voluntary or involuntary, known to themselves or unknown." With these solemn words in mind we pause involuntarily before the tomb of him who as the first crowned tsar of Muscovy lies next the altar in the most sacred place; that Ivan, surnamed the Terrible, a synonym to all civilization for cruelty, lust and madness. Yet for thirteen years this whirlpool of force, which was the instrument of the most colossal crimes known to history, was utilized with unabated power for the consolidation and reformation of the Russian Empire, reclaimed through the combined efforts of his wife and his confessor to stand valiantly at the helm of the ship of state and guide it through a period of brilliant achievement. At the end of the thirteen years these influences were removed or crushed and the remainder of his career is one mad fury of insanity, the occasional gleams of pious zeal bearing only the hallmark of fanatical emotional indulgence.

The hurricane of his passion devastated all within its path, save alone the "one white pillar in the East," the Holy Orthodox Church which in its priestly and monastic orders withstood the onslaught. From the first emerges the figure of St. Philip, the one martyr of the Eastern Hierarchy, who suffered death not for high ecclesiastical pretensions but in the simple cause of justice and mercy, for his unflinching stand against the cruelties of the mad monarch. In his voice rings out so high a courage that it imparts a vibrant life to the whole obscure succession of those early prelates: "I am a stranger and a pilgrim upon earth and ready to suffer for the truth. Where would my Faith be if I kept silence? Here we offer up the bloodless sacrifice of the Lord; yet behind the altar flows the blood of Christians. As the image of God I reverence thee; as a man thou art but dust and ashes." His one word as he was dragged from the cathedral was "Pray!" His one word to his executioner, "Perform thy mission!"

An equally fearless rebuke, and more effective in its immediate results came from the ranks of the second order, the "Black Clergy," and is brought home to us through the annals of an adventurous traveler of that time. His description of the wandering hermits is worth quoting: "There are certain eremites who go stark naked save a clout about their middle, with their hair hanging long and wildly about their shoulders and many of them with an iron collar about their necks even in the very extremity of winter. The people like very well of them because they are as pasquins to note their great men's faults, since they take them as prophets, giving them a liberty to speak as they list without controlment. Of this sort I saw one, a foul creature, an impostor or musician; yet it is a very hard and cold profession to go naked in Russia."

This gives the portrait by an eye-witness of Nicholas of Plescow as he must have appeared when he emerged from his hut to defend the people from the blood-lust of the Tsar, fresh from the carnage of Novgorod and bent upon another like orgy. The maniac was moved by the sound of the church bells "those tongues of the Russian religion" to implore the blessing of the holy man upon him and his enterprise. The retort was embodied in a lump of raw flesh, a well-directed shock to his piety and as well as to his sovereignty, for the great fast of Lent was being rigidly observed. "Ivasko, Ivasko" called out the hermit from his doorway, "thinkest thou it unlawful to eat beasts' flesh, yet lawful to devour the flesh of men?" And pointing to a black thunder-cloud overhead as an instrument of God's wrath, threatened him with instant destruction should he touch a hair of the least child's head. Ivan trembled and retired and Plescow was saved.

Such an incident throws fresh light on the strong appeal of the asceticism to the mediæval mind, and of the comparative practical value of an ideal of personal holiness over and against the imposed works of charitable brotherhoods and didactic laws. Time and again as we study, we see crises averted, destinies altered, the nation preserved either through the instrumentality of such solitary zealots, or through the organized effort of the cloistered monks. The story of the Troitzki Monastery situated some sixty miles from Moscow in the midst of a wilderness of woods amply refutes the charge of selfish religious seclusion.

Through the two great historical crises of Mediæval Russia, one the period of the Tartar dominion, the other that of the Polish invasion, it emerges again and as the impregnable fortress, a living centre of courageous inspiration. The remonstrances and prayers of its founder Sergius, braced the spirit of the Grand Prince Demetrius and drove him forth to the battle of the Don, where one of his monks, as champion of Christ, a coat of mail drawn over his habit, began the fight by single combat with a gigantic Tartar chosen from the Mussulmans' host. To the credit of that victory the first great repulse to the Tartar power, must be added that of the final blow. When Ivan III wavered, as had Demetrius before him, it was Sergius' successor, the venerable Archbishop Bassian who drove him almost against his will to the field. "Dost thou fear death, which is the lot of all, man and beast and bird? Give these warriors into my hand and old as I am I will not turn my back upon the Tartars." Thus urged Ivan returned to the camp, the Khan of the Golden Horde fled without a blow, and Russia was freed forever from that menace. The familiar cross surmounting a crescent is a witness to the fact that it was in very truth a triumph for the Christian faith over threatened annihilation, an heroic struggle well worthy of the Church Militant.

We are so used to thinking of the Russians as the oppressors of the Poles, that it is difficult to conceive a time when the parts were reversed

and the partition of Russia was the threatened evil. Yet it was this dread which first engendered the bitterness between the two great Slavonic nations, and which in turn so deeply stamped Russia with its vehement anti-Papal prejudices, for papal supremacy and Polish conquest were interchangeable terms. In the last extremity of the struggle, when Moscow had fallen into the hands of the invaders, when Hermogenes the Patriarch had been starved to death, imprisoned almost within the walls of his own cathedral; when Latin services were being chanted in the Kremlin and anarchy was threatening; the Trinity Convent was still equal to the long siege. Its warlike traditions raised up soldier-monks, and the Archimandrite Dionysius sped the national patriots forth to victory. Rude pictures still represent in strange confusion the mixture of artillery and apparitions, fighting monks and fighting ghosts which drove back the assailants from the walls of the beleaguered fortress. The convent was for a time the whole empire and its victory was the deliverance of Russia.

The very existence of the present imperial dynasty is a living tribute to the services of an hierarchy at this time of their country's need. The race of Rurik had passed in the murder of the child Demetrius, the nobles had proved themselves a worthless dependence, so it was to the clergy that the people looked for a new leader. Philaret, afterward Patriarch, and his wife Martha, secluded as a nun during the long wars, were the parents of Michael Romanoff, the future Tsar. Small wonder that fruitful years in the joint history of Church and State followed, with the unexampled condition of a father directing the one, a son the other, each coöperating for the common good of both. It may be termed the beginning of the Russian Reformation, a period which reached its climax of effectiveness in the latter half of the eighteenth century in almost as unparalleled a circumstance; the close friendship of the Tsar Alexis for the greatest of Russia's ecclesiastical reformers, the Patriarch Nikon. The story of his life is a really great drama, woven from the conflicting elements of high ideals, ungovernable passions and unswerving loyalty to his one and only friend; enacted partly amidst the pomp and splendour of the court, partly in his long exile on the frozen shores of the White Lake, partly in his tragic journeys by sledge or on foot through wastes of snow or primeval forests. His departure from the see which he vacated in a burst of fury provoked by the adroit baitings of his enemies, brought the six years of his active reforms to a sudden close, but during that time he and his royal patron had worked as one man in all acts of government, passing all their time together, "in the Church, in the council chamber and at the friendly board," and much had been accomplished. It is primarily this relationship which differentiates him from the great reformers of the West to whom he is often compared. Far from maintaining the independence of the hierarchy against the civil power, or from trampling the imperial government under foot, his leading idea was coöperation between Church

and State, his enmity solely with a barbarous nobility and an ignorant clergy. The final break with the Tsar was a purely personal quarrel, engendered and fostered by the legion of nobles whom he had insulted or affronted, and between them was only the wall of bitter misunderstanding and wounded affection. We have an astonished account of both the robust Nikon and the docile Alexis in the journal of one archdeacon Paul, a garrulous effete visitor from the Church of Antioch. After the self-revealing statement that he had "at length roused his languid mind to the task and stretched toward the object his recoiling pen," he proceeds: "An occurrence which confused our understandings was that so far was the multitude from being content with their lengthened services, that the Deacon brought the Patriarch the Book of Lessons; and not only did he read therefrom, but he expounded the meaning to the standing assembly, until our spirits were broken within us during the tedious while. His heart did not ache for the Emperor nor for the tender infants standing uncovered in the intense cold. What most excited our admiration was to see the Tsar with his hands crossed in humility, the other displaying them with the boldness of an orator; the one guarding his senses and breathing low, the other making his voice ring like a loud bell. His janissaries are perpetually going about, and when they find any priest or monk intoxicated they imprison, strip and scourge him, and then set him to sift flour day and night in the bakehouse. God grant him moderation!"

Here we see the perplexity of a contemporary over two of Nikon's most drastic measures—the introduction of extempore preaching and the disciplining of a dissolute clergy. He exhibited in himself a new type of pastoral virtues;—of unbounded munificence he founded hospitals and almshouses; with summary justice he personally released innocent victims from the prisons; he broke ruthlessly through long-cherished customs; the advances in education inaugurated by the terrible Ivan were started into new life, the printing press was again set to work and deputations of scholars were sent to the Grecian monasteries to collect manuscripts; partly from Greece, partly from Poland, he imported Cossack choristers to supplant with their chants "the gross and harsh intonations of the Muscovites," the initial step in the development of that vocal music which has since become the glory of the Russian worship. Toward the Mother Church at Constantinople, his habitually domineering mind was eagerly and sensitively open to teaching and impressions, and since from that source little else was to be had, the result was an overweening emphasis of antiquated ceremonial and ritualism. It is appalling to see the dynamic force expended on such seeming trivialities as a benediction given with the three instead of two fingers, an embroidered altar cloth replaced by a white one; or a wrong inflection in pronouncing the creed, yet the frantic opposition which these innovations provoked, brought new ardor to a church still

childishly incapable of connecting the outer form with the inner significance, and roused them to a fiery defense of the one thing they could perceive—the precious casket in which their faith was enshrined. Furthermore, the pouring of this freshly heated mass of molten enthusiasm into the old moulds gave a strong, sharply-defined image to be the heritage of future generations, a valuable replica of the truth preserved almost intact from Apostolic times.

What would have occurred had there been a puerile effort to fit the doctrine to their comprehension, is evidenced in the vagaries of the Raskolniks, the dissenting sects scattered broadcast over the length and breadth of Russia. The disturbing innovations of Nikon and the drastic reforms of Peter the Great which followed in their wake, drove forth large numbers of zealous reactionaries from the fold of the established Church to follow the dim star of personal interpretation. It is an anomalous form of Protestantism since they disassociated themselves not because cramped by the inelastic bands of orthodoxy, but because they could not keep pace with those leaders, whom they name respectively the False Prophet, and the Very Antichrist. Driven by the first to the verge of despair by such innovations, as a thrice repeated Hallelujah, or a cross lacking three transverse beams, they suffered actual martyrdom rather than submit to the drastic reforms of the radical Emperor. Could there be anything more impious than his change in the calendar, his assertion that the world was created in January when the snow was on the ground, not in September when the corn was ripe? Or that smoking was less wicked than drinking, when the Scriptures plainly avow "Not that which goeth into a man but that which cometh out of a man defileth him?" Or that the potato might be sinlessly devoured when it was so obviously the forbidden fruit, the very apple of the earth and of the devil?

Against one much desired Westernism even the more docile and receptive of his subjects set their faces so firmly that he was forced partly to rescind and modify his commands—the heinous order that the image of God should be defaced by the shaving of the beard, which since the eleventh century had been a proud distinction between orthodoxy and heterodoxy; and a smooth chin is even to-day almost unknown amongst either the peasants or the clergy.

That the Russian Church, containing such elements should have survived the shock of Peter's revolution, proved its vitality. After the first convulsion it became apparent that the country as a whole had embraced the changes and moved with them, and wild superstition gave way before the thrust of rough common sense. Into the oath taken by bishops at their consecration were introduced these remarkable provisions pledging them against both pious frauds and corrupt lassitude: "I will not, for the sake of gain suffer to be built superfluous churches, or ordain superfluous clergy. I promise to require that there be erected

no tombs of spurious saints. I will diligently search out and put down all impostures practised under the show of devotion, and will provide that honor be paid to God only, not to the holy pictures, and that no false miracles be ascribed to them."

Under the shadow of personal religious grievance, the real fundamental change in church government crept in almost unnoticed and unmolested. The substitution of the capital of St. Petersburg for Moscow was the outward sign that the course of the new Empire was westward, while the boundary between the new and old ecclesiastical Russia came in the abolition of the office of Patriarch and the substitution of a Synod of prelates as the governing body. Although this was presided over by the Tsar himself, his power was scarcely altered by the change. Peter was as much and as little the head of the Church as his predecessors. He had it is true, removed the possibility of a rival in the State, but the office was abolished chiefly because he was enraged at the retrograde obstinacy of the last Patriarch, because he wished to sweep away barbaric ceremonial and because he wished to substitute here as elsewhere, the rule of colleges and bodies of men for that of individuals. The institution which thus perished was scarcely more than a century old, and its destruction was sanctioned by his most powerful ecclesiastical supporters.

Throughout his whole remarkable career his one desire was to seize the good wherever it could be obtained that he might add it to the sum total of his people's welfare, never to throw away or subtract from the essential heritage of their race. As we read of his direct personal dealings with the various western denominations we realise keenly that he is of the same type as Vladimir. He heard the doctrines and attended the worship of each country which he visited. In the Free-Thinkers of Amsterdam, in Lutheran and Quaker, Episcopalian and Non-Juror, even in the very Pope himself we feel the hopeful rise of the proselytizing spirit at his open-minded approach, the aftermath of discouragement as time and again he turned back with added content to the shelter of his hereditary belief. Throughout all his wanderings he faithfully observed the Eastern fasts; in his battles he carried always a sacred picture from the Troitzki Convent; and the motto under which he fought was "For the Faith and the Faithful." Both in the wooden hut where he lived to watch the erection of his capitol, and in his cabin at Zaandam a room was set aside for his devotions, and "ora et labora" was the quotation with which he closed the address to his Senate.

To have kept such a hold on such a man whose clearest virtue was eager open-mindedness, whose darkest crimes were those of an ungovernable passion is an adequate vindication of the strength inherent in his belief. In return his violently shaping hand gave it a form which could harbor the progressive spirit of the age, a freedom which in the next generation fostered scholars and leaders not only well in advance of

the flocks under their care, but fully abreast of advanced European thought. Their personalities are for us almost unpardonably shrouded by the veils of distance and language, so that it is only to special students that the names of Ambrose and Plato, of Innocent or of Theodore Globensky carry their due weight.

Even today like hindrances veil from our full understanding this one example of a living Church which finds its medium in nationality, a hindrance which is increased by the ingrained Protestantism of our attitude. It is hard for us to brook conservatism or the abrogation of the liberty of private judgment. Yet the tolerance which it so generously extends to alien sects commands a like return and instead of voicing our doubts and objections we can bow humbly to many of their claims; can grant their direct uninterrupted succession back to Apostolic times: and can honor an unsullied body of Christianity in its primordial completeness that "has no need to be discovered, only to be preserved, to be received through faith not reason, and enjoyed as a life of mystic communion assured by a hierarchical priesthood." And we may reverently close with the words which shine forth on its banner "This is the Apostolic Faith, this is the Faith of the Fathers, this is the orthodox Faith, this Faith has established the world."

ANNE EVANS.

All the weakness, and perhaps one ought to say the growing weakness of the Church in the modern world, comes, not as is supposed from Science having raised up self-styled invincible systems against Religion; not from Science having discovered, having found arguments against Religion, supposed victorious reasons; but from this—that what remains of the socially Christian world is profoundly wanting to-day in charity. It is not reasons at all that lack—it is charity. All the reasons, all the systems, all the pseudo-scientific arguments would be nothing, would have but little weight, if there were but one ounce of charity.

CHARLES PÉGUY: *Notre jeunesse.*

THE PSYCHICAL "CHOIR INVISIBLE"

WILLIAM JAMES died at Chocorua, in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, on August 26, 1910. Very naturally, as his lively interest in things psychical and the great question of communication with the dead was so well known, there was much speculation as to whether he would try to communicate with his friends, and as to whether he would succeed, though it would seem that there had been no specific compact or promise on his part, as there had been, for instance, in the case of Frederic Myers.

In reply to this general question, it is affirmed, by those who have given their lives to the solution of these problems, that Professor James did make the effort to communicate, and that he succeeded in sending messages to his friends which would fill several pages of print; that his return was exceptionally prompt, there being an interval of only a fortnight between his death and the first considerable message, and that even within twenty-four hours after his death, he consciously made the effort to appear to clairvoyants on both sides of the Atlantic. One of these, known as Mrs. Smead, a lady of high character, described the apparition of a man in a black gown, whom she did not then recognize, but whom she later identified as Professor William James, when she saw his portrait. The other clairvoyant, Mrs. Verrall of Cambridge, a woman of exceptional gifts and scholarly mind, said that she had "dreamed" that Professor James had come to her, seeking to communicate; the dream being, in fact, the method of communication.

And shortly after this the detailed messages began, coming for the most part through two "automatists," Mrs. Smead and Mrs. Chenoweth, under the general supervision of Dr. J. H. Hyslop, who, as a friend and fellow-worker of William James, was exceptionally interested in the experiment, and also exceptionally well qualified to judge of its success. In the two series of messages, through the two scribes, the shade of William James, if it be he, blends two elements: memories of his own past, with a view to the identification of his personality; and comment on his present surroundings, with a considerable amount of philosophizing thereon. As to the memories, it must suffice to say that they are in many details both striking and vivid, their coincidence with the facts, or their apparent error, being carefully noted in the record of the experiments. As to his post-mortem surroundings, the noteworthy thing is, that he does not at all appear as a solitary spirit, sending messages solely on his own initiative. He is rather the newest recruit to a well-organized

band, chief among whom are the shades of the famous leaders of psychical research: Richard Hodgson in this country, and across the ocean, Henry Sidgwick, Edmund Gurney and F. W. H. Myers.

To make the part of Professor James in this long-continued effort really intelligible, both as to method and as to matter, it will be necessary to run over briefly what had been taking place in the other world before his death; I mean the ordered series of communications which have been coming, for several years now, from shades of the founders and chief workers of the Society for Psychical Research.

Let me try, by a simile, to convey the impression their continuing work makes on me, a work carried on now, so far as most of them are concerned, from "the other side of death." Once, a good many years ago, I was at a concert, of mixed orchestral music and song, which had been sufficiently animated and successful. The last number, an orchestral piece, was marked by a quaint piece of shadow-play; whether it was a personal fancy for that occasion only, or a tradition of that piece of music, I am not musician enough to know. But at any rate as the piece drew towards its close, I was astonished to see the 'cellists one by one stop playing, gravely swathe their big fiddles, don their overcoats and hats and depart, the remainder of the orchestra still playing. The brass followed suit, and then the wood wind and the drums, till all were gone, even the conductor, save only the first violin, who still fiddled furiously, oblivious of the world and all things. Then at last with a start he awoke to his solitude, and he too stilled his music and departed.

Had the symphony continued, but with invisible musicians, like the Beyreuth orchestra, we should have a perfect image of the psychic "choir invisible." First Edmund Gurney, then Henry Sidgwick, then Frederic W. H. Myers, then Richard Hodgson, then Frank Podmore, then William James, laid down their instruments and disappeared. But their music has continued; continues still; and of this latest movement of the psychical symphony, I shall try to give some connected impression.

We most of us remember how Richard Hodgson, the young Australian, came to this country to investigate Mrs. Piper. He had studied at Cambridge under Professor Henry Sidgwick, and had there fallen in with psychic research, and become enthusiastically interested, but quite unconvinced of the deeper phenomena. He used the methods of a detective; his mind was positive, quick, humorous, resourceful; his patience inexhaustible. Among his early American friends was a young New York lawyer, who appears in the record under an assumed name, George Pelham, the initials and Christian name being genuine. Hodgson records that he and G. P. once had a talk about death. G. P. scouted the idea of immortality, mocked at Hodgson's researches, and then suddenly burst out: "If I die first, and find myself alive, I'll make it lively for you!"

G. P. shortly afterwards met with a sudden and violent death, the result of a fall, as he was coming home from dinner. How his shade returned, and "made it lively" for Richard Hodgson, with such effect that the latter was at last convinced of G. P.'s identity after fighting every inch of the field, is now matter of general knowledge. The young New York lawyer broke the ground; he was the path-finder for the "twentieth century ghosts." In nearly all later manifestations and apparitions, as, for example, the communications of Myers and Gurney, he played a prominent part, supplying force for weak communicators, experience for new-comers, enthusiasm for all. And this impartially through three continents; for it becomes perfectly obvious that, for these vigorous ghosts, space as we know it simply does not exist, at least in the sense of forming any barrier to communication. Indeed, a stock expedient is to communicate the same word through scribes, one of whom may be in Boston, another in London, another in Algiers, another in Bengal, at the same moment; thus furnishing a striking test of genuine supernaturalism.

It is evident that, for the surviving soul, a body is needed before it can communicate, whether an astral or etheric body of its own, or the partially borrowed body of some one still living. Most of these communications come in this last way, the soul taking possession of a living body either partially or wholly; that is, either writing with the hand of the living person, or entrancing the person, entering the body, and speaking with the living lips. The latter was often the case with Mrs. Piper; the former was more often the method used with other scribes, like Mrs. Verrall of Cambridge, and the ladies known as Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Smead and so forth; private persons of undoubted integrity, who dislike newspaper notoriety and prefer the use of fictitious names. As to the method of "possession," the shade of Richard Hodgson, writing through Mrs. Piper, thus expressed himself, to Professor Hyslop:

"Do you remember a joke we had about George's putting his feet on the chair, and how absurd we thought it?"

Professor Hyslop, who did not remember anything of the kind, asked:

"George who?"

The discarnate Hodgson, still writing with Mrs. Piper's hand, answered:

"Pelham, in his description of the life here."

Still unresponsive, Professor Hyslop replied:

"No; you must have told it to someone else."

"Oh," replied Hodgson, "perhaps it was Billy. Ask him." Which Professor Hyslop did, with the following result: "Billy" was the name by which Hodgson had always called Professor Newbold, of the University of Pennsylvania, so he was asked regarding the pertinence of the incident. He replied that he and Dr. Hodgson had laughed heartily at

some statements of George Pelham, when he was trying to communicate after his death, about what he did when he was communicating. He asserted that he was in the medium's head, and his feet on the table, while he was trying to communicate through her hand. The incident is good to prove identity, as the facts were quite unknown to Professor Hyslop.

Using some such method as this, therefore, the shades of Myers and Gurney tried to communicate, having as their channel an Anglo-Indian lady, a cheerful, healthy person in the thirties, who had the power of automatic writing. Here is an extremely interesting example of their joint work. I use roman and italic type to represent the alternation of pen and pencil in the script, which was written about three years after Myers' death; Gurney had been dead fifteen years. Myers first writes:

"The obscuration of consciousness was prolonged in my case to an abnormal period. Nearly the whole of the first year was hidden from me. I was entranced as it were. That accounts for some failures of compact, does it not? It is all so far more difficult than one imagines. Even granting the strength to reach the threshold, one can but fall helplessly upon it, spent, and one's message stilled.—I dislike writing with pencil. Yes, ink is far more congenial to me. The publication of the book [Myers' book, *Human Personality,* published after his death] was a tremendous help to me, and to others of us. It set new strength, new power, free in our direction, and even blind interest, unintelligent thoughts, can be an assistance. It's the blank, hateful indifference that is the second death to the spirit, the ghost that once was man. I almost regret now that we so evaded the good old word 'ghost' in our Proceedings; it was slurred and perverted by misuse, but we should have tried to ennoble it again. 'Holy Ghost' means more in the services of the Church than Holy Spirit——"

[Gurney writing]: "It's not much good, his power fails so soon. Take a pencil.—*Always a pencil for me, I hate ink. Don't be discouraged about the man who's just gone. The fine quality of his mind alone makes it harder for him to sway an alien brain, or move an alien hand. The 'burliness' they used to laugh at in me stands me in better stead now perhaps. For my own part I have nothing to say as yet. If your hand is much influenced by me, it will be all the harder for F. [Myers] to influence it. Begin your writing with a pen tomorrow."*

To me, the personalities of the two writers, both of whom I remember seeing at meetings of the S. P. R. in by-gone days, seem perfectly distinct and clear; altogether distinct also from the personality of Mrs. Holland. One can hardly imagine one's own hand talking to one in this fashion, for instance:

"I can't help feeling vexed, or rather angry, at the half-hearted way in which you go in for this; you should either take it or leave it. If you don't care enough to try every day for a short time, better drop it altogether. It's like making appointments and not keeping them. You endanger your own powers of sensitiveness and annoy us bitterly."

The author of this scolding is the shade of Edmund Gurney, the recipient is Mrs. Holland. Three days later, he harks back to the same key: "Now listen: you must write every day, just a few minutes some time every day for one whole month. Make up your mind to do it. Half the time and energy we spend in scolding you and trying to keep you up to the mark would give splendid proofs that people are longing for. Don't stop to wonder who will see them; that will be arranged. You do the writing, and the need for it, the use for it, will be shown."

The character of Edmund Gurney, and what he calls his "burliness" comes out finely in that, and indeed in everything he has written. Frederic Myers is not less distinctive: poetical, sensitive, full of allusions to the classics and to his own work and theories, as well as to the conditions he has found "at the other side of death." I wish space permitted me to illustrate this fully.

Some months after these letters were written, Richard Hodgson joined the "choir invisible," being stricken suddenly while playing handball at the Boat Club in Boston. He died five days before Christmas. Hardly a week had passed before he was trying to communicate, and one of his first questions was, whether the Christmas cards he had prepared had been received by his friends. In his case, there were a number of striking points of identification, some of them rather painful for survivors. For instance, there was a ring, given him by a lady, who alone besides himself knew where he had got it; this disappeared at his death, and, communicating through Mrs. Piper, his ghost declared that he had assuredly had it on when he started for the boat club; that he had taken it off and put it in his waistcoat pocket, because it hurt his hand when he played ball, and that it was in his pocket still. He even indicated the place where the waistcoat would be found, and where, in fact, it was found. Then there was a love-story; a girl whom he had been passionately devoted to, and whom he had been unable to marry because of his devotion to ghost-hunting and the limitation of income this entailed; this again had been unknown except to her, and forms a strong indication of identity. There are many detailed communications, enough to fill a volume. Indeed, they fill several volumes, especially the very striking proofs called "cross-correspondences," the essence of which is, that the ghost dictates the same words or thoughts to scribes in different places, different continents sometimes, at the same time, and they are later brought together. In the case of the ghostly Myers, these are as striking as they are voluminous; all kinds of out-of-the-way allusions, obscure phrases from Plotinus, in the original Greek, tags of modern poetry, ancient mythology, ideas from Myers' own books, Latin phrases, and so on, were sent at the same time through two or three scribes in different places, in extraordinary abundance, and with extraordinary convincingness for whoever is willing to be convinced.

In the late summer of 1910, two more of the musicians vanished

from the earthly stage, Frank Podmore and William James. Presently their music was heard from behind the curtain.

Professor William James died, as we already noted, on August 26th; on August 27th, his wraith, afterwards recognized from a published photograph, appeared to the lady known as Mrs. Smead, one of the sensitive scribes concerned in this record. At the beginning of November the ghost of William James began to write through another scribe, known as Mrs. Chenoweth. It is characteristic of him that he dwells chiefly on minor details, which, in his view, are far the best for identification. For example, addressing Professor Hyslop, he says:

"I have a recollection of meeting you first with Richard [Hodgson]. It was at a small gathering or small company, and after it was over, we met and talked. That was about your own work with Mrs. Piper. I do not recall whether that was my first introduction to you, but it was about that time. I was impressed with your fervor, and laughed with Richard about it afterwards."

A few days later, following out the same theory of detail, William James wrote:

"Bread and milk and berries often made the meal at night in the summer, and the vegetable kingdom furnished a large part of my food always. I was fond of apples and some kinds of fish.—These may seem remarkable things to return from heaven to say, but you will appreciate their value. I can see the headlines in the newspapers now, if this were given out."

On September 12th, a few days after his death, William James said, through Mrs. Smead, that he had tried to communicate with Mrs. Verrall, "across the water," and investigation showed that early that same morning Mrs. Verrall saw James in a dream, and had the impression, which she recorded, that he was trying to communicate with her.

There remains yet one more of the "choir invisible," Frank Podmore. He does not seem to have communicated himself, but he shows up strongly in Hodgson's ghostly declarations. Thus a month after his death, and a few days after the apparition of William James to the learned lady in England, the shade of Richard Hodgson thus delivered himself:

"We are having much fun with Podmore. He dies hard, too, and argues and argues in a circle, just the same as ever. Between him and Hudson we have a merry time. Sidgwick is most interested in James' experiments. He does not care so much for Podmore's dilemma, although he often argued and worked in the same direction. You know the early days of Sidgwick were filled with all sorts of explanations that gave us no end of trouble. But S. has opened his eyes, and Podmore was born blind, sure as you live."

A few days later, Hodgson cheerfully says: "We have cooked Frank's goose."

A year after his death, William James, thinking backwards to his journey to Nauheim in search of health, said:

"Tell Mrs. James that I am not sorry that I went across. That was not what caused my death, although I can still hear her troubled tone as she said, 'I am sure you were not able to go, and I am sorry we went.' It would have been harder to stay. The anxiety would have been too great. Here is my sign, Omega."

This was the sign agreed upon, before his death, with Professor Hyslop. On this the Hodgson ghost cheerily comments:

"Same cautious William, but faithful and lovely as a spirit can be."

Here this record must close. Thus do the "choir invisible" continue to make music, gay or pathetic, behind the curtain. The cogency of it all is, to me, irresistible; far more effective when taken as a whole than these few excerpts suggest. Without doubt, these investigators have proven, for whosoever will rightly weigh the proof, that the dead live, not remote but close to us, not forgetful, but vividly remembering the life they have just left, and on whose verge they hover. On their condition, these records shed much light; it is etheric or astral, not bound by space, but fluid, vaporous, the vapor instantly moulded and colored by their thoughts or by the thoughts of the living, directed to them.

Therefore I am convinced that the record is true. At the same time, I am even more deeply convinced that these experiments are highly dangerous and should never have been made; that there is but one right way to raise the veil of death: the way of holiness and purification. Nevertheless, let these experiments stand for what they are worth, and let us learn from them what we can of the mysteries of life and death.

JOHN CARLTON.

You do not need much time to love God, to renew the thought of His Presence frequently, to lift up your heart to Him and worship Him in its depths, to offer Him all you do and all you suffer; and this is the real "Kingdom of God within you," which nothing can disturb.

ARCHBISHOP FÉNELON.

KARMA*

THE word "Karma" is a Sanskrit term whose literal meaning is "action." The "Law of Karma" means, literally, the "law of action,"—the way action works. This is something with which we are all very familiar. We are observing it every day, and experiencing its operation every instant of the day. For all life is action, of one form or another, and the laws of action are the laws of life.

Though we recognize the truth of this the instant it is stated, it seems somewhat strained to use our common English word "action" in so broad a sense. It is true that we speak of the "action" of the will, the "action" of love, or of ambition, or of thought. But if the field of action be not specified, the first impression the word conveys is of some external and sensible movement,—the exertion and manifestation of some outer rather than of some inner power. The Eastern term is free from this narrowing connotation of externality. It retains the universal quality of Eastern thought, which conceives of life as one undivided whole, and of the great principles and laws of life as operative throughout its whole extent, changing only the form of their manifestation from plane to plane,—as light may change to heat,—but remaining themselves essentially unchanged. Karma is action; but the implication is that Life, in its wholeness, is the actor, and that the field of action is the whole field of life. The study of Karma is the study of life in terms of action.

What are the terms of action? When we attempt to formulate our knowledge of the way things act, we are likely to think first of such a law as that of "cause and effect." All about us we see causes working out into effects, which in their turn become causes producing further effects, and thus establishing an endless chain. We think of every action as a link in such a chain; and we know that in some hidden way every effect must have been already present in its cause, so that the action and the effect must have been only the unfolding of the content of the cause.

Or perhaps, if our minds turn more naturally to physics than to philosophy, we may think of that basic principle of energetics that every action involves reaction. I press my hand against the wall. The wall presses against my hand with equal force. Were its resistance to cease, the pressure would of necessity cease. I cannot act without being acted upon. My own act returns upon me; and whatever act I perform, I perform, through reaction, upon myself. If I am the actor, I become automatically the recipient of the result of my action.

Each of these two aspects of the law governing action, is an aspect of the law of Karma,—of the *modus operandi* of life. Could we really

* An introductory presentation of the subject for discussion at a meeting of the New York Branch of the Theosophical Society.

comprehend their significance and universality we would have the clue to many problems which now perplex us. Such comprehension, however, is not easily gained from abstract statements,—whether these be couched in the language of philosophic generalization or of scientific dogma. The great Masters and Teachers of life have never taught through formulas. They have turned to life itself for the portrayal of life. Their similies are all vital and living. They ask us to "consider the lilies of the field, how they grow," and liken the Kingdom of Heaven to a grain of mustard seed. Were the parable of the Prodigal Son the only scripture we possessed, we would still have the law of Karma set forth for us with a lucidity and completeness which volumes of expository literature could not rival.

We of the West, however, have strange difficulty in viewing our own lives as under law, and perhaps the story of the Prodigal Son is too close to the story of each human life to enable us to see it in right perspective. Let us begin with something simpler. Let us, also, consider the lilies, how they grow, and see if we can learn the lesson of the grain of mustard seed.

"So is the Kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how. For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. But when the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come." And again: "For every tree is known by his own fruit. For of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble bush gather they grapes."

This is the perfect picture of Karma,—the way life acts. Life "bringeth forth fruit of herself" from each seed fruit of its own kind, "first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." To us one seed may look much like another,—so small, yet so charged with limitless potentialities: an acorn, and forest upon forest of oak; a single grain of wheat, and food for the human race for untold myriads of years; a feathered speck blown by the wind, and a spreading plague of weed which man must fight for centuries. No microscope can show us what we may hold within our hand, no physical or chemical analysis can force the seed's secret, if life itself has not first revealed to us its content. "Wherefore, by their fruits ye shall know them." This is the action of life,—it makes manifest in full and perfect detail the hidden content of the seed. It brings forth the fruit, of itself; and when the harvest is come man puts in the sickle, and, in the light of life's lesson, plants or refrains from planting that seed again. If the sickle be not put in, life repeats its lesson. The seed falls and plants itself, and multiplies after its kind.

To speak of this familiar process of organic growth and reproduction as the perfect picture of Karma is to imply that it is representative of life's action not only on the plane of vegetable or animal life but on all planes

of life. It is well worth while to examine this implication, and to determine for ourselves whether we believe it to be valid. Are all life's actions truly comparable to the reproduction of a seed and to the manifestation of its hidden potentialities? Or is this typical only of plants and flowers, and of a "Kingdom of God" which does not include the world of men? Was Christ speaking of some distant hereafter, or of the Kingdom which is within us, here and now?

Let us consider a realm in which this illustration will seem as foreign as possible,—the realm of logic and of mathematics, which so many deem cold and dead. What is the nature of our action there? How does life act in a mind thinking clearly? What are the laws of "pure thought?"

For many centuries Geometry has typified them, and it is not difficult to see in Geometry the same law that is operative in organic growth. We take, as seeds, a few simple-seeming statements which we call axioms, and a few more which we call definitions and postulates, and thereafter the action of our thought is to unfold their meaning and their content. The whole science of Geometry lies in these few statements, as all the flowers of the garden lay in the seeds the gardener planted. But their potentialities, their implications and inevitable consequences, the full meaning and significance with which they were charged, could not be realized in advance of thought. The action of thought,—at least of all logical thought,—is precisely this progressive realization of the content of a mental concept. Our logic adds no new element. It only makes manifest that which our concept already contained. For over two thousand years mathematicians have been thus unfolding the concepts defined by Euclid's axioms, and the end is not yet, though proposition has been added to proposition in unnumbered sequence. But the validity and inevitable necessity of each such proposition lay in the axioms themselves. When Euclid affirmed these, he affirmed, though unknowingly, all their consequences, all their hidden wealth of content which the action of thought has made manifest.

There is another aspect of this illustration which it is important that we should perceive clearly if our view of Karma is not to be partial and misleading. To the Greeks, and indeed nearly to our own time, the axioms of Euclid seemed self-evident and obvious. They presented themselves so plausibly as to make it appear that we had no choice but to accept them. They seemed inevitable and necessary. But as their consequences were developed and experienced in the expanded science of the Geometry to which they led, man began to see the true nature and limitations of this Geometry. It became evident that it did not exhaust the possible, and that there might be other worlds whose measure might be in different terms. We began to ask ourselves whether we were indeed forced to accept these initial axioms to which we had at first yielded such unquestioning assent. If they were as universally valid as they had appeared to us, if our acceptance of them as the basis of our

thought were indeed forced, then we were forever confined to just this Geometry and to no other. For from the compulsion of our logic, from life's action as it operates through our reason upon these axioms, there was no escape. If the result was to be different, broader and more inclusive, its basis had to be different, broader and more inclusive. From each seed life brings forth fruit after its own kind. Over this we have no control. However much we may wish it, we cannot "gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles." If we wish a different crop we must plant different seed. It is here that we have control. Whatsoever it be that we choose to plant, life brings forth and makes manifest, inevitably, unalterably. But we cannot plant thorns and have grapes grow from them; nor can we develop a non-Euclidean Geometry from the Euclidean axioms.

The Law of Karma is as constant in the world of thought as in the world of growing plants. It makes manifest the nature and content of what it acts upon. It brings all things to their harvest. But when the harvest is come, and this content is revealed, then man can put in the sickle and choose anew, in the light of life's lesson, the seed which he will plant. This is what we have today recognized in our study of Geometry. The axioms of Euclid were not forced upon us. Obvious and inevitable though they at first appeared, there is no one of them that cannot be denied. We chose them, blindly it is true, and not knowing then that we had the power of choice. But now that their nature has been revealed to us, we see that we might have chosen differently, and that a different choice would have led to a different Geometry. They only appeared to us as universal truths. In actual fact each separated the universe into two regions: the one being the region in which this axiom was valid, the other being the region in which it was not valid. Thus the axioms in their totality defined a very limited realm in the world of thought; and the Euclidean Geometry pertains only to this realm, being confined to the part common to the valid regions of all its axioms. Outside this realm different Geometries exist, as rich and richer than that of Euclid, and which we are today studying from another choice of other axioms. We have come to see, for example, that one of Euclid's axioms is precisely the definition of finitude, and that its opposite is the definition of that which is infinite. Choosing this opposite, the action of thought unfolds and makes manifest for us qualities and properties of infinitude; as in our other choice it unfolded and made manifest the characteristics of the finite. We have learned that we can choose our own world.

The same laws of action that we have seen operative in such widely different conditions as those of organic growth and logical thought may be traced on all planes and in every department of life. The doctrine of Karma is the doctrine that these laws are characteristic of the whole movement of the *élan vital,*—that in them we have a true picture of the way life works, in us as throughout the universe. Each thought we

entertain, each emotion we yield to, each principle of conduct we adopt, has its own life-cycle and tends to reproduce itself. It is like a seed which we plant in the soil of our consciousness. We take it into ourselves, and there it lives and grows and develops according to its kind; life, of itself, bringing forth the fruit and making manifest its nature and its content. We speak of this life-cycle and unfolding content of any thought or deed or feeling as its Karma,—as its inevitable fruit under the alchemy of life's action,—extending our use of the term from the action itself to the result which cannot be separated from it. And because we have taken the seed into ourselves, and because the life which acts upon it acts through us, and so is our life, the Karma is also ours and we experience its results. The crop of each field is the fruit of the seed that is sown in it.

When we first look at our life and actions in the light of this doctrine of Karma, it may seem to us that we had little part in choosing the seed which was planted. The greater portion of our thoughts and feelings and actions seem perhaps little more than obvious reactions from our environment. We were angry. But, in such circumstances, who could help being angry? If we had not been provoked we would not have been angry. We tell ourselves that our feeling was forced upon us, inevitably; that we had no choice.

It was thus that the Greeks accepted the axioms of Euclid, not questioning the existence of an alternative, and it was thus that for centuries we confined ourselves to the logic of the finite. But when life develops the consequences of our anger, and brings forth its fruits, and we find them bitter to our taste, we are compelled to ask ourselves if it was as necessary as it seemed. Was there nothing we overlooked? No other feeling we could have fostered? No other course we could have followed? "Everything has two handles by which it may be lifted. Thy brother has done thee an injury. An injury has been done thee? Nay. He is thy brother." We were free to choose which thought we would harbour; by which handle we would seek to bear that which happened. The result we have experienced was not the result of the incident, but the result of our choice. However blindly and ignorantly that choice was made, the action of life reveals its full significance, so that when we come to choose again, there is no longer excuse for either blindness or ignorance. We cannot say we do not know what we choose; nor can we blind ourselves to the existence of an alternative; for we have experienced the consequences of our choice, and we know that as there are other fruits there must be other seeds.

Sound as this reasoning is, it will doubtless seem to many of us more theoretical than practical. Argue with ourselves as we may, we still feel that much of what we give entrance to, and of what life develops within us, is the inevitable result of our environment. We feel that in actual fact we have less choice at any given moment than would theoretically appear. We are what we are, creatures of habit and tem-

perament, and we can predict with some certainty the way in which we would respond to given circumstances, even though this way may be not at all the one we would wish to choose. There is truth in this feeling, and its basis is the very law of Karma which we are considering.

Our habits and our environment alike are the Karma of our past. Our lives are not virgin fields in which no seed has ever before been sown, but are rich and rank with vegetation, with growing crops of many kinds from former plantings. Over the seed we have sown we have no longer full power of choice. We can root up the plant or await its harvest. But we cannot change the nature of its fruit. As in each instant we are sowing for the future, so also are we reaping from the past. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Our own acts return upon us and are registered, inwardly in our habits, outwardly in our environment. Both are self-chosen and self-made, in that their initial cause was of our choice and making. Both are God-chosen and God-made, in that they are the result of life's action upon these causes; and this action is always beneficent.

The full universality of this aspect of Karma is perhaps more difficult of comprehension than is the converse aspect with which we have been dealing. It is easier for us to believe that each cause we set in motion will have its effects, and that we shall share in those effects, than it is for us to perceive that every effect we experience is the result of causes in which we also shared. One reason for this may be that when we think of anything as a cause we are thinking consciously of its dynamic power of producing effects, whereas much of what we experience, either in ourselves or in our circumstances, we accept unthinkingly as simply static, as simply happening. Not looking for causes we do not find them. Another reason is that we sow our seed so unconsciously and carelessly that the very fact that we have sown at all passes from our memory. How many of our thoughts and feelings and acts of the day do we remember by night? We "sleep and rise, night and day," and the seed springs and grows up, we know not how, for life bringeth forth fruit of itself. And the harvest finds us amazed and unprepared. We say: "Some enemy hath done this." But we ourselves are our only enemy. If we do not remember the sowing of yesterday, can we expect to recognize the fruit of seed sown perhaps centuries ago?

The parables of the Kingdom of God are parables of life's action. But they are also parables of husbandmen, of those who consciously and purposefully till and cultivate the fields allotted to them. We shall not wholly understand these parables until we also become the husbandmen of our own lives, studying life's action and consciously and purposefully co-operating with it; consciously and purposefully choosing the seed which we plant, uprooting the weeds which would choke it, watering the soil and tending the crop. Few of us can yet say that we are such husbandmen. In most lives the acreage under cultivation represents but a small portion of the whole; and it may be useful to consider what

is happening in the waste and neglected land, where plant and weed grow uncared for, and their seed falls of itself or is blown afar by the wind.

It is not difficult to find here a simile for the part played in our life by habit and environment. The seed which falls and is planted, falls and is planted automatically,—as habit acts, reproducing itself. The soil into which it falls is what it is because of what has been grown there throughout the past. Each crop grown upon a field modifies its soil in its own way, some enriching, some impoverishing. Each makes for itself its own environment. It is really only in the neglected portions of our lives that habit and environment rule supreme,—in those fields where the sickle is not put in,—though from these waste regions many troublous seeds are blown into the fields we wish to cultivate and where choice is consciously exercised.

But let us try to deal with this matter of habit and circumstance more directly than by simile. They are, we have said, the result of Karma as it acts in our own lives. Habit, temperament, personal character, is the result of its inner action,—of the inner reproductive power of acts and thoughts and feelings to repeat themselves, or to tend to repeat themselves, as plants bear seed of their own kind and, if unchecked, will multiply. In like manner the circumstances of our lives are the result of Karma's outer action. This outer action of Karma we have seen to consist in the progressive unfoldment and development of the inner content of each thing upon which life acts. It makes manifest the true nature of each thought or feeling or principle of conduct, forcing us to become conscious of its significance and to experience its consequences. Through this experience we are made, sooner or later, to face the question whether it is what we wish,—as each husbandman determines from his harvest whether he wishes to plant that seed again.

Now let us trace this two-fold action of Karma, as it operates through our own conduct, in some familiar examples. We give way to an impulse of irritability and selfishness. We know it tends to make us more irritable and more selfish. It puts us in bad humour, and this humour tends to vent itself upon all about us. It requires a very definite act of will to prevent its spreading far beyond its initial cause, and if it be not checked it multiplies astonishingly both in its inner intensity and in its outer expression. We find ourselves irritated by innumerable little incidents which would not ordinarily have affected us. In this very direct and immediate sense our environment mirrors back to us our own mood and inner condition. Or, changing the simile, our mood acts like a coloured lense, opaque to all rays save those of its own colour, so that all we can see of the great rich universe about us are its irritating elements; and as we respond to these with further irritation, the habit of irritability begins to form in us.

But the outer effect of our irritability is not merely an optical illusion. It is, on the contrary, very real and by no means confined to

ourselves. Those upon whom we vented our irritation are obviously affected by it. Their attitude toward us changes. Little by little, if not at once, we estrange their friendship. Our self-centeredness and selfishness work outwardly to isolate us. We find ourselves shut off from friends, from all true companionship, from all sense of closeness to others or to life itself. We see only cold looks around us, and are as aliens in our own homes. Thus life forces us to see and to experience the full content of our actions, the true nature and significance of the principle of conduct which we adopted. It also forces upon us the question: Is it what we wished?

When this question presents itself, we usually try to avoid it, or else we answer impatiently: "No, of course not. But it's not my fault. Supposing I was irritable, I had good cause to be. Anyone would have been irritated." Then life proceeds to repeat the lesson, on a larger scale. The process continues until the question can be no longer avoided or answered so cavalierly. We are compelled to recognize that from the logic of events there is no escape. If we do not wish isolation, then we must adopt some other principle of conduct than that of irritable self-centeredness; and from the pain and pressure of our isolation,—the outward Karma of our conduct,—is born the will to correct it, to sow no more such seed, but to uproot the weed which bears it, and to plant other seed which will flower into such a life as we desire.

Or, as another illustration, let us suppose that we are self-indulgent in some one or other of our appetites. Let us say in eating. What is the Karma of this? The inward action is the establishment of a habit of self-indulgence, manifested in our eating, but spreading rapidly throughout the whole nature,—as a weed will spread from one field to the next. Self-indulgence in one direction breeds self-indulgence in all directions; so that if this habit were to continue long unchecked the whole moral nature would be seriously impaired. Some dim perception of this begins to dawn upon us as we find ourselves little by little departing from the stricter standards we had formerly set ourselves. But we are very likely to blind ourselves to the true situation as long as we can, so that we are soon in real and grave danger.

But this inward habit-producing and habit-spreading action of Karma is but one of the two directions in which it works; and the outer action contains the corrective of the inner. The over indulgence in eating results in indigestion, which mirrors back to us the true significance of what we have done. If we heed this warning, we correct our self-indulgence. But if, as is most probable, we do not heed it, and seek only to escape from the effects, without remedying the cause, life repeats the lesson more pointedly. Our indigestion becomes chronic, or we develop some stomach or intestinal malady which compels moderation in diet,—unless, indeed, we are so unfortunate as to have the diseased organ removed by a surgical operation, which permits us to continue our self-indulgence and moral deterioration until life forces its conse-

quences upon us through some other and more serious failure of our powers. But we are concerned here with the normal rather than the exceptional case, and in the normal case the outward Karma of wilful self-indulgence is compulsory self-control,—life steadily increasing the pressure until we yield to its compulsion,—until we are forced to choose the way of health and of self-mastery.

In each of these illustrations we see Karma,—the action of life,—as the means by which it is made possible for man to have, at every point, free will and choice, and yet to be always safeguarded. He is never permitted ignorantly and blindly to become permanently other than he would be. Karma reveals to him what he chooses, and makes him perceive, by experiencing, the life to which it leads. This experience presses upon him with increasing weight, until it compels his recognition and attention, and forces him to measure it by the standard of his heart's desire. Is it truly what he wishes? If not, he must choose anew.

"In His will is our peace." It is thus that we are made. Our life,—a ray of the Divine,—retains this as its inmost essence and its deepest truth. Nothing that is not His will, however its seed may glitter and attract, can in its fruits, in its reality and fulfilment, satisfy us. So we sow and reap and gather into barns, and, looking upon the harvest, choose new seed to sow and reap again, until of our own choice we choose the seed of immortal life which He has given us. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

From the corruption of the flesh and the ashes of the death to which it leads arises the desire for a life that shall be incorruptible and that shall not die. Within the desire is the power of fulfilment,—the Karma inherent in its vitality. The great foaming river of life and of God's will is shoreless. It throws its spray far. But every drop finds its way back to the unbroken stream.

So brief a presentation of so great a subject must of necessity leave untouched far more than it can indicate. What has been said can only be considered as a basis for further inquiry and discussion, and to give point to such discussion I venture to suggest some questions.

What can be said of the effect upon man of the environment into which he was born and of the character which we say he inherits? Can these be considered to have been in any way created or chosen by himself or to have been his Karma?

Is there unmerited suffering? Is suffering always the "penalty" of personal sin or wrong doing? If we choose the seed of love, or heroism, or greatness, as the seed we wish to plant, must we expect suffering as part of its fruit? Can we crave and desire suffering? Has it a real part to play? Is it in itself an evil?

Does the recognition of the universality of law in the universe make it appear only as a mechanism? Does the law of Karma deny the existence of Compassion? If law and order and the principle of cause and effect rule in a nursery, does the mother love her children?

Can we regard great disasters involving many people, as the action of Karma? (For example the Titanic disaster.) Can it be considered to have been the personal Karma of each passenger and member of the crew?

Can we assume that each happening between two people is the Karma of both? Are Karma and Fate synonymous terms, or do they stand for different concepts? What is the difference, if difference there be?

If Karma is universal, and all is under Karma, how do we ever make a new decision or a new start? What did Christ mean when He said: "I make all things new"?

How is Karma "worked out"? What does it mean to be forgiven? Does forgiveness mean freedom from consequences? Do we want a debt forgiven, or do we want to be helped to pay it? Can we be loosed from consequences?

What is the effect of mercy, forgiveness, compassion? What is the dynamic and Karmic effect of love? What is vicarious atonement?

What is the bearing of the doctrine of Karma upon our desire (or duty) to help others? How can we help others? Is the helping of others interfering with their Karma? Can we interfere with Karma?

If Karma acts in a double line (inwardly reproductive, outwardly corrective) can we help by attempting to affect one without touching the other? Is it possible to affect one without affecting the other? Can one line be regarded as cause and the other line as effect? What bearing has this upon "social service"?

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL.

JACOB BOEHME

THE late Metropolitan of Denmark, Doctor Hans Lassen Martensen, in his scholarly review of the life of Jacob Boehme, characterizes him as the greatest and most famous of all Theosophists, and as one who has fairly gained the cognomen *Philosophus Teutonicus*. It is certain that Boehme has exercised no small influence upon intellectual development, both in its theosophical and philosophical aspects. Hegel and Schilling, although they criticize the form in which his ideas are cast, yet are self-acknowledged borrowers of "The God-taught Philosopher." In the religious field, we have, on one hand, Franz Baader, the Catholic, and, on the other, William Law, the Protestant mystic, indicating Jacob Boehme as their spiritual father and guide. To the introduction of "Behmenism" so-called into England, the Quaker Movement owes indirectly much of its power, notably its noble doctrine of salvation as nothing short of the very presence and life of Christ in the believer.

A humble peasant, without learning or scientific education, yet penetrating, with his gigantic imagination, into the deepest secrets of Nature, Boehme presents one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of mankind. He speaks of the mysteries of God with certitude, as one who beholds directly; yet he, the seer, is a humble nonentity, a child.—"I would," said he, "that you should look upon my writings as those of a child, in whom the Highest hath driven his work." In another epistle he thus writes of his method: "I am verily a simple man, and have neither learned nor sought purposely after this high mystery, nor know anything of it. I only sought the Heart of Love in Jesus Christ, and when I had obtained that to the joy of my soul, then was the treasure of natural and divine knowledge opened and given to me. Again I will not conceal the simple childlike way which I walk in Jesus Christ. For I can write nothing of myself, but as of a child which neither knoweth nor understandeth nor hath learned anything, but only that which the Lord vouchsafed to know in me, and according to the measure wherein He manifested Himself in me. . . . And I besought the Lord earnestly for His Holy Spirit that he would be pleased to bless and guide me in Him. I resigned myself wholly to Him, that I might not live to my own will but to His; and that He only might lead and direct me, so that I might be His child in His Son, Jesus Christ. . . . In this, my earnest Christian seeking, wherein I suffered many a repulse . . . the Gate was finally opened to me, so that in one-quarter of an hour I saw and knew more than if I had been many years at an university. At which I stood exceedingly astonished, not knowing how it had happened to me."

The outward events of Jacob Boehme's life are few and simple. He was born in a hamlet near Görlitz in the year 1575, of well-to-do peasants. Not being robust enough to follow his father's calling, at the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a shoemaker in Görlitz, at which trade he remained throughout the greater part of his life, humbly earning his living, ever listening to the voice within, and writing down what he could catch of its wonderful harmonies. From his birth, he seems to have been gentle, kindly, sincerely pious, and on terms of good will with all men; nor, to the day of his death in 1624, is there recorded of him a single lapse in outward act from his exalted inner standard of holiness. His vision is clear, his mind balanced: there is no account of ecstasies, nor of the angels that fill Swedenborg's writings; nor, indeed, of any supernormal occurrence, if we except the early record of the visit of the mysterious Stranger who tells him of future greatness in the power of the Spirit.

In 1612 was published his first work, *Aurora,* wherein he tries to arrange in a coherent whole glimpses of the universe (the macrocosm) and man (the microcosm), which he had previously seen fragmentarily, but now in more definite outlines. This work, however, was not intended for publication, but for his own use, as a "memorial" to aid him when his visions occasionally vanished from him, and he could not recall what he had seen. The inspiration comes "like a shower of rain"—what he catches, he has, he tells us of his experiences. The surreptitious copying and publication of *Aurora* brought down upon him the charge of heresy from the local Lutheran body, and persecution which continued until within a year of his death, ending only with the death of his arch-enemy, Gregorius Richter, the Pastor of the Lutheran Church in Görlitz. Boehme met and refuted the libels and accusations of Richter patiently, but at the same time with spirit and dignity, stoutly maintaining his ground when the validity of his vision was questioned, yet humbly conscious of the inadequacy of his own powers to transmit the full light of it:—as, for example, where he says, "It is not I who know this: It is Christ who knows it in me," or again, in answer to his opponents, "You say truly enough that I was not present at the creation of the world, and that I consequently cannot describe it, but the Spirit who is in me was present, and now reveals it at this time." "And yet I am a poor mouthpiece," he confesses. He also admits the obscurity and imperfection of his earlier works, but avers that he gradually obtained greater clearness. Boehme, in fact, added to the defects of his method, and made his subject needlessly difficult of comprehension, by employing physical categories (such as salt, mercury, sulphur,), when mental or ethical terms ought to have been used. This fault is happily absent from his latest and most valuable work *The Way to Christ,* which includes as its latter half *The Supersensual Life,* exquisitely translated and paraphrased by William Law. Here Boehme's writing is exceedingly simple, yet profound in thought and exalted in spirit. That which might

be said of the whole of his philosophy, viz:—that it amplifies and elaborates through specific detail the words "In God we live and move and have our being," applies especially to *The Supersensual Life.*

The necessary limits of a magazine article prohibit more than a passing glance at Boehme's philosophy. The fundamental task which he has set himself is to apprehend God, and in this light to apprehend the world. But the God whom he seeks to know is the God of Revelation—to show Him forth as The *Living* God. This is Boehme's focal point. "For Boehme, the idea of Life is inseparable from the idea of Manifestation. Life is an unfolding from darkness to light, from the hidden, indefinite and unknown, to the manifested, definite and knowable. But Life and Manifestation can only be conceived of as a movement between *contrasts,* and as the mediation of these. Without contrasts, there is neither life nor manifestation; without contrast, without *another,* there is only eternal immobility, stillness and repose, in which nothing can be distinguished or perceived. Boehme's problem is, therefore, not only a problem of unity and triplicity (problem of Trinity), but a problem of unity and duality, of Spirit and Nature, seeing that God must be conceived of as at the same time Spirit and Nature, and this is the problem for which Boehme occupies first rank." (Martensen.) "For God has not brought forth creation that He should be thereby perfect, but for His own manifestation, that is for the great joy and glory." (*Signatura Rerum* 16. 2.) In another passage Boehme inquires, "What *was,* prior to the existence of the angels and creation? God was, alone with Light and Fire (or, God was, alone with two fire-centres, the lucid and the dark fire-centre,) and the angels and the souls of men and all creatures lay in an Idea or spiritual model, in which God from eternity beholds his works."

Let us try to make this somewhat more intelligible:—We have, as a starting point, a unit, which Boehme designates as the *Abyss*—the primal stillness in which there is, as yet, no manifestation, only the pattern or model, which he calls The Uncreated Universe, lying in the mind of God. Boehme's conception of the unmanifested God takes the form of

I An Unoriginated Will.

II This Will divides, as it were into

a:—The Spirit-Will, the lucid fire-centre, which points Unity:

b:—The Nature-Will, the dark fire-centre, which issues forth and separates itself from the Spirit-Will, multiplying itself into the infinite number of wills and powers of which manifested life consists. Therefor the Nature-Will represents multiplicity, diversity. Hence we have

I The Spirit-Will, the unmanifested Unity underlying all diversity.

II The Nature-Will, the diversity by which Unity knows itself.

Now the division of the Nature-Will into innumerable wills has brought about dissension and strife, every will pushing, crushing every other will. Yet, in order to have life, manifestation, development, there was need of this *"contrarium,"* this Nature-Will. An obscuration has thereby taken place, but it was necessary so that the Light might be manifested. *Contrast* has thus come into being, without which (as has been shown) nothing could be perceived or distinguished. But *evil* has also come into being by this conflict between the many separated wills. Evil, not only in the human world, evil in its cosmical sense is the "Dark Point" which constantly disturbs Boehme. What is its origin? "All is out of God," he reasons, yet "God has made no devil out of Himself, but angels to live in glory." To answer the question he explores the original Will which has assigned to Itself, for Its manifestation, certain progressive conditions*, having for their object the subordination of the Nature-Will to the Spirit-Will as its vehicle and medium of manifestation.

The Process by which the Nature-Will, proceeding out of Spirit, passes through Nature back to Spirit.

This process is *sevenfold,* which divides itself into two triads, the lower, the higher, and the link between, uniting them.

The Lower Triad is dark, negative, hostile to Spirit, yet restless and unsatisfied in that attitute. It consist of three qualities or "Natural Properties," the first and lowest being *Contraction,* the second *Expansion,* the third *Rotation;* or, since Boehme insist that this sevenfold process embodies the principles upon which all evolution (spiritual as well as natural) is carried on, let us follow out these Natural Properties in the progress of the human soul. We have the natural, unregenerated man showing forth the first Natural Property, *Contraction* or its inner correspondence, *Selfishness.* He would draw all things, all wills to himself. Yet he feels within himself at the same time an outward going desire; the wish to objectify himself, to impress himself upon things exterior to himself. He propagates his kind, he builds, paints, models, writes, invents. And yet he finds this *Expansion* or *Outward Desire* in constant antagonism to the first Property, Self-desire, the result of the conflict between the two being the third Natural Property *Rotation* or *Restlessness, Anguish.*

Whilst this is taking place on the lower plane, the Spirit above is yearning for Nature. Similarly, Nature's disillusionment leads her, yearning, towards Spirit. She feels within herself that, somehow, permanency, harmony, peace are her birthright, yet all experiences heretofore have led to impermanency, discord, strife, yet Nature will not immediately surrender her unruliness and subordinate herself. The light of the Spirit must descend as a conqueror, penetrating the darkness

* Boehme constantly repeats that in order to understand this progression, it must be conceived of as taking place not in a temporal manner—in succession, but in an eternal manner—in simultaneity, or all at once.

and discord, and in the resulting tremor and shock the soul knows herself united to Spirit. This is the fourth, the unifying Property, designated by Boehme the *Lightning Flash,* that Divine Fire which consumes all that is gross and selfish in the natural man, whose original properties, i. e.: Selfishness, Desire, Restless Anguish exist now in their purified condition, and his will has become one with the Spirit-Will. Thus is the soul "born from above," and we arrive at the central point of Boehme's teachings, viz:—that Nature must pass through the second birth, "the fire of the lightning" to its light and freedom. *"Per ignem ad lucem!"*

This brings us to the upper Triad, where the soul begins to assume definiteness, as it were, begins to know itself from within, and that quality, before known as Selfishness or Contraction exhibits itself as *Gentle Love,* the Fifth Natural Property: Love, which draws together all the powers to unity and reconciliation.

Nature has now entered a new realm. She knows herself in her true relation, no longer as a collection of separate, discordant wills, but as the outward harmonious expression of the one Spirit-Will. The soul seeing itself no longer separated, but one with all other souls in the Oversoul, now may express itself truly, because of that vision. Hence its quality, the Sixth Natural Property; is termed *"The Chord"* or *"Harmonious Sound."*

The highest and Seventh Natural Property is the perfected universe. As regards the soul, it is the goal, union with God, and its name is *The Kingdom,* the Glory of God.

Susan W. Allison.

(*To be continued.*)

The more a man lives, the more a man creates, the more a man loves and loses those whom he loves, the more does he escape from death. With every new blow that we have to bear, with every new work that we round and finish, we escape from ourselves, we escape into the work we have created, the soul we have loved, the soul that has left us.

Jean Christophe: Romain Rolland.

BERGSON'S PHILOSOPHICAL POSITION

VIII

HENRI BERGSON was born in Paris in 1859; his father being a Jew and his mother an Irishwoman. This endowment of the self-confidence and richly colored imagination of the Celt, and the versatility and flexible genius of the Hebrew, together with an education and environment in the progressive and spiritual atmosphere peculiar to the France of the last two generations, gives Bergson an heredity and setting that in some ways may explain his unusual mind and the many features and directions of his brilliance. Sir Oliver Lodge in speaking of the states of consciousness uses a striking phrase. He speaks of the stratum of dream consciousness, and the consciousness beyond dream he calls the "stratum of genius." If genius be the revelation of a higher or spiritual world, is it not very suggestive when we find the genius of a modern philosopher leading him directly towards a realization of the spiritual world, a method of approach to which he seems already to have revealed by his philosophy? This is what singles Bergson out from amongst the many thinkers of the day; all of whom are seeking the light, none of whom has succeeded in building upon such sure and solid foundations. It is because he has opened the door in a very real way to the inner world, and has not merely led up to that door, that he is so immensely popular, and so expressive of the spirit of his generation. How far Bergson is conscious of what he is doing and accomplishing for the world, how far he is naïvely and faithfully following his own inner guidance and intuition irrespective of other considerations, cannot be said; but with the matter still undecided, one is not without justification for the impression that Bergson knows more than he speaks, and is wisely biding his time. In the meanwhile he is laying very broad and very firm foundations, and considers teaching his mission.

His life has been uniformly that of a student and college professor; and until recent years when he has been in demand in England and the United States as lecturer, he has lived in quiet seclusion at Auteuil, just outside of Paris. He was educated at the Lycée Condorcet, being admitted as a foreigner. At twenty-one he was naturalized. His early interests lay in the direction of mathematics and mechanics, and at the end of ten years of labor his work was *couronné*. As he entered more deeply into these sciences, however, the philosophical implications assumed greater proportions, and he was led to see their total inadequacy

when applied to life and life-processes. When convinced of this, he abandoned a narrowing scientific training, entered the École Normale Supérieure, and in three years was graduated in philosophy. After spending over seventeen years in teaching in various *lycées* and colleges, notably Clermont, where in 1889 he wrote his first book *Time and Free Will,* the thesis for his doctor's degree, he was in 1900 appointed Professor at the Collège de France, and in the following year was elected a member of the Institute. This winter, Bergson was elected to the Academy to succeed Emil Ollivier.

It is in the way that Bergson has built up his conclusions, both from a wide knowledge of modern science, philosophy, and psychology, and from a subtle and profound study of his own mind, heart, and consciousness, that makes him the expert whose ideas have spread so rapidly throughout the West, and whose teaching forces one into making a personal decision either for him or against him. A half-way position is impossible; though if one agrees with him one can go much farther than he has as yet gone. This compelling definiteness is the characteristic of all truly original thinking and acting; and it is interesting to watch the different philosophic, scientific, and religious bodies range themselves into opposing camps. For Bergsonism is by no means confined to philosophic circles. In France there is a Bergsonian art and a Bergsonian literature; and, more important, perhaps, in results, a Bergsonian Catholicism and a Bergsonian Labour Movement. The Syndicalists claim Bergson as the philosophic interpreter of their principles, though he must not be condemned on that account! Amongst the Catholics the main stimulus has been a renewed study of the saints and mystics; and it might be suggested in passing that, possibly, it is just the lack of such study that makes the new Immanental Idealism of Professor Eucken fall short of affording satisfaction when it becomes a philosophy of religion. Many priests were in constant attendance at Bergson's lectures; and it is significant to note that his influence upon the young priesthood reached such a point that in 1907 an Encyclical and Syllabus was issued from the Vatican, forbidding attendance at these lectures. This was followed in August 27, 1913, by an unqualified denunciation of Bergson's philosophy by the Pope; while at the same time Mgr. Fargés received a letter, which has since been made public, from Cardinal Merry del Val "in the name of the Holy Father," congratulating the French prelate for having so "successfully" exposed Bergsonism in his recent book "as dangerous to the Christian faith." Several other books written from the same point of view have since been published. To this Bergson is reported to have replied simply that he has developed his philosophy without touching the question of the existence of God. He says that he has, however, watched "with sympathetic interest the endeavors of some of his pupils to utilize his philosophy in support of Christianity," and he states that his clerical opponents have "utterly

misunderstood" his ideas and that their claim that he sets intuition in the place of reason is quite unfounded. He has further announced that he will make the attack of the Vatican the subject of this winter's course of lectures. These, we hear, are crowded to overflowing, as are all his lectures.

In America Bergson has been widely read and criticised. Most of the representative magazines, sectarian, non-sectarian, literary, or scientific, have discussed, analyzed, and passed judgment. Roman Catholicism and Free Thought are hostile; while between these extremes there seems to be a general spirit of tolerance, and also a somewhat tentative spirit, a sense of hesitancy, of marking time, until Bergson will have committed himself more specifically. The scientists in their utterances are more or less antagonistic; of all such articles that have come under notice only that of Sir Oliver Lodge seems to sympathize with Bergson's conception of life as a "creative impulse pervading matter." Biologists especially complain that he does not understand their true position. With a few exceptions the representatives of the various schools of philosophy dislike Bergsonism for placing limits on the intellect and its ability ever to understand the real secrets of life, the heart and soul of our being. This Bergson does in no qualified way, and he sums a brilliant exposition of this point with the statement *"The intellect is characterized by a natural inability to comprehend life"* (*Creative Evolution,* page 165).

It can be seen even from this superficial glance at the effects of Bergson's work that there is an element which rouses people not only to thinking but to action; that appeals to a universal component of us all. Only a living force can cause such a reaction; and philosophy, which has too long lived within the shell of the mind, burning what light it had under a bushel, seems now to be coming forth, prepared to resume its proper place as in the old days of the Greek initiates.

Personally Bergson is a charming man to meet, and his lectures and conversation once heard are not easily forgotten. He is slim and spare, but full of quick energy and not mere surface vitality. His eyes are large, intense, at times delightfully humorous, and full of fire. His voice is low but clear; and while speaking he throws all of his interest and force into what he is saying, seeking rather to raise his hearers to an equal conviction and understanding with himself by persuasion and sympathy, than by controversy, argument, or the use of telling points. His head has been aptly compared to that of Emerson,—pointed chin, small, firm mouth with closely cropped moustache, deeply arched eyebrows, and a fine, domed head, with broad, high forehead, giving ample room for a big brain. He commences his lectures directly to the point, and, when lecturing in his native tongue, uses no notes. He seems to include each individual in his audience; after a while one finds oneself *en rapport* with his mind,—forgetful of surroundings, or the sense of

personality, and eager to follow the lead into new realms of thought and experience, rich in suggestion and burdened with meanings.

In the private lectures on "Spirituality and Liberty" delivered in English to the Philosophical Department of Columbia University during February, 1913, Bergson opened with the statement that his own study of the world philosophies was limited to the West; he had never studied the Eastern and Oriental systems. This is the more interesting as his method and treatment of the great philosophical problems of our civilization are in many ways the method and treatment native to the far East, notably to the philosophy embodied in the Upanishads. Bergson has, however, by no means carried out his method into the spiritual realms as do the Upanishads; all that can be said is that his method, logically continued and completed, would lead him to a recognition of the same ultimate truths.

Bergson himself roughly divided the History of Philosophy as he knew it, into three stages: the first, drawn by the "perceptive faculties," was represented by Heracleitean naturalism; the second, resultant of awakened "critical faculties," was voiced by Zeno; and the third, a combination and natural development of these two—the "faculty of forming concepts," was earliest represented by Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. Coming from Greek times to our own, we find a similar arrangement possible. Descartes, Berkeley, Leibnitz, and Spinoza followed the perceptive tradition; Kant, and after him Fichte, Hegel, and Schopenhauer, criticised the mind through the mechanism of the mind; and this led to the third stage, to what is now called Positivism and the body of modern Idealism. Within all these systems, Bergson pointed out, there is Faith, Faith in perception, Faith in criticism and in the mind that criticises, Faith in consciousness. But this Faith is an intuition, not obtainable through any course of reasoning or process of the mind. Once we see this superficially less obvious truth, we are confronted with an entirely new problem, and we have three alternative propositions: "(1) Belief in Intuition, external or internal; (2) Criticism either of Perception or of Mechanism; and (3) Either resignation of the mind to a superficial comprehension of existence, or, substitution to the earlier Intuition"—which means that while exercising the faculty of intuition we come into closest and least artificial touch with Reality, and attain some *certainty* of knowledge.

The immediate grasp of this fact, the seizing hold at the very outset, not of the external forms of thought and speculation presented to him by the world's thinkers and philosophers, but of the essential reality and life hidden behind and within these forms which, without that life, simply could not and would not exist, shows at once the difference between Bergson and those philosophers whom we have been considering. His "method" of proving this position is so extremely simple that if he had not worked it out with all the thoroughness of the earlier systematists, and with so much greater and more convincing precision than they, it

would be almost an exaggeration to call it a method. Bergson has simply seen and stated the very self-evident fact, one about which we never think, but which, when brought to our attention, at once finds in us an instinctive agreement, that within any intellectual or perceptive bond that unites our consciousness to the world of reality about us, there is a vital bond, an essense of Life itself that alone gives the appearance of life and reality to this outer form. Knowledge does not and cannot rest on the intellect alone, else intellect would be life, would create life. It rests on an intuition of life which goes to the true inwardness of things; which rests on the unity of being, and penetrates the veil interposed by Maya and the "sense of separateness." In his little book *Laughter,* a scrupulously finished and beautifully written piece of literary craftsmanship, which remained twenty years in the hands of the author before he was satisfied to publish it, there occurs this passage, in which Bergson has risen above the level of metaphysical discussion and has revealed to some extent the height to which he can go. "Deep in our souls we should hear the strains of our inner life's unbroken melody,—a music that is ofttimes gay, but more frequently plaintive and always original. All this is around and within us, and yet no whit of it do we distinctly perceive. Between nature and ourselves, nay, between ourselves and our own consciousness a veil is interposed: a veil that is dense and opaque for the common herd,—thin, almost transparent, for the artist and the poet. What fairy wove that veil? Was it done in malice or in friendliness? We had to live, and life demands that we grasp things in their relation to our own needs. Life is action."

Does this not remind us of *Light on the Path?*

"Listen to the song of life. . . .

"Life itself has speech and is never silent. And its utterance is not, as you that are deaf may suppose, a cry; it is a song. . . .

"Look for it and listen to it first in your own heart. . . .

"There is a natural melody, an obscure fount in every human heart. It may be hidden over and utterly concealed and silenced—but it is there."

To understand knowledge, then, we must first find our true relation to life itself, extracting from it by study, observation, and meditation some of its deeper and more vital meanings. Intuition is the achievement of this, the *rapprochement* between the whole personal consciousness and the creative or divine life within.

Our true relation, says Bergson, is best discoverable, and least distorted, in the will. The effort of our wills to come into immediate touch with the life-stream within us, and not only the mere effort, but a *sympathetic* effort, a willingness to conform to whatever truth may be revealed to us, a receptive spirit unprejudiced by previous mental concepts,—this will develop the faculty of intuition, and will bring us a deeper and more permanent consciousness of reality.

Bergson is not a prolific writer, and so the development of his thought can readily be traced by the progress of his books. *Time and Free Will* plunges into the heart of the problem; for once Bergson had decided that in an understanding of our will lay the door which could open to us new apprehensions of truth, he entered upon a most exhaustive and brilliant analysis of this whole plane of our consciousness. From a study of will with its close relation to all mental and psychologic states he saw the necessity of solving the problem of memory, so often dependent on will, and of how the mind can enter into and in any way effect the matter of our bodies; together with all the extraordinary psychologic phenomena such as lapsed memory, hypnotism, multiple personality, and the like. It took him five years, he himself writes, to read everything on these subjects. The fruits of this vast research took form in *Matter and Memory,* published in 1896. The book is a technical treatment of spirit and matter, their interrelation and attributes. Its conclusions might very briefly but suggestively be summed in its own words: "Spirit borrows from matter the perceptions upon which it feeds, and restores them to matter in the form of movements which it has stamped with its own freedom";—a conclusion of so original a kind that it requires a knowledge of modern psychology properly to appreciate it.

Laughter, appearing in 1900, treats of various phases of our psychology as demonstrated in our sense of the comic, our reaction towards our fellow-men; and closes with some most suggestive passages springing out of a discussion of our aesthetic sense. *An Introduction to Metaphysics,* which appeared in the *Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale,* January, 1903, contains the most complete and exact exposition of "intuition" and the "intuitive method." It has already been translated into German, English, Italian, Hungarian, Polish, Swedish, Russian, and other tongues.

Creative Evolution, Bergson's chief work, appeared only seven years ago, and already no study of philosophy is complete without it. The background of the book is not the same as that of its predecessors; here Bergson has brought to bear all that is most up-to-date in the natural sciences, prominently biology and embryology. It contains the essence of all his earlier works; and brings to bear on the problems of science and human psychology an inspiration and creative imagination that truly recreates philosophy for us. Moreover, Bergson is a literary artist, and he has finally proved that obscuration and technicality are the decadence of philosophy and not its high water mark. *Creative Evolution* is by no means unscientific or "popular" as the exclusive use that word; on the contrary it is written by an expert, who not only is master of his subject, but who has the gift of "tongues," the ability to convey his ideas far more by frank simplicity than by close analysis; and a command of style that varies from incisiveness to flexibility, from persuasion almost to command, from picturesqueness to the charm and convincing immediacy

of poetry. Thus the past "presses against the portals of consciousness that would fain bar it out," and memories, "messengers from the unconscious realm, remind us all what we are dragging behind us unaware": definitions very different from those of John Stuart Mill or even of Kant; and of a higher order.

Bergson is this year the President of the Society for Psychical Research and while he is not thereby committed to its conclusions, it shows in him the tendency to a breadth of mind and to a receptiveness of spirit that is the essential of lasting inner growth. His time at present seems to be given, and wisely given we think, to the development of the real purpose of his philosophy; to the effort at clearing up the constant misunderstandings which arise, apparently, from either superficial study, or from the hostility born of prejudice. His popularity is unprecedented; and we have to look for its explanation as much in the ripeness of the times for such an advanced step, as in the form in which his philosophy is embodied. Western civilization is arriving at a point when, with the circling of our knowledge of the world, a great synthesis of all human thought is quite naturally and inevitably taking shape. The world-old wisdom of the Upanishads, with its "profound and impregnable doctrine" of the Self, the teachings of Buddha and of Shankaracharya, all the newly revealed traditions and learning of China, the finely-wrought philosophies of Greece, culminating with the vision of Plato, the tremendous inspiration of Jesus and the zealous voice of his interpreter St. Paul, the speculations of Plotinus and the Neo-Platonists, all the early Christian mystics, and the contributions of later European thought down through Spinoza, Berkeley, Kant, Hegel, and Schopenhauer to the modern Idealists and Pragmatists: all these, combining with the immense mass of material furnished by modern physical and biological science and psychology, are preparing a great birth, out of which must arise a new philosophy, and more than a mere philosophy, a new religious spirit, which means a new inner life for the human race. Already this generation is becoming conscious of itself; it is attempting to realize its position in the long historic chain; it is trying to turn back upon the life-force behind it, and ask "Why am I here? What have I to do?" Bergson's popularity springs from his ability to make this generation self-conscious. A *new* philosophy we need not expect,—the same germinal thoughts have come to us from ancient India, inspiring, or at one with, the heart of philosophy after philosophy and religion after religion. But it is only to-day that the knowledge of the world enables it to recognize this immense *concensus;* and Bergson has provided somewhat of a new form, a new garment of illustration and expression, for these world-old principles.

The philosophy of the Upanishads was nothing if not practical—"Do the will and ye shall know the doctrine"—and Bergson, departing from the useless theories of metaphysics, is giving us also a teaching that

we have to learn and to practise in ourselves; for so only will it become vital and intelligible to us.

This is the strength of his message, and source of his contagion.

IX

Tolstoi has said that a man's religion "is the relation which he believes himself to bear to the endless universe around him," and has divided this relation into three great types: the first when, as an isolated, selfish individual, man seeks all possible personal advantage and pleasure from the universe; the second, when, recognizing himself as an integral part of society—of some clan or tribe or country in which he finds himself—he seeks to use and mould the universal resources not for personal ends but for his community, or for the human race; and the third type, when a man recognizes a divine origin and expression in the universe, and seeks to obey this "Will that sent him into the world." In other words a man believes; which means that he acts on the theory, either that the universe exists for his enjoyment, or for the development and perhaps the profit of the race, or for the fulfilment of the divine "Will that sent him into the world." Whether or not we agree with this extended meaning of the word "religion," we can see that broadly speaking it embraces the attitude of the Western world today, the thinking or unthinking multitude. To the first group belong the vast majority, who, whatever their intellectual statements of belief may be, act almost entirely from motives of self-interest and personal gratification. To the second group belong those who think more deeply, or who feel with greater sensitiveness the suffering of others. A great many people are a combination of these first two, with conflicting elements in their nature. To the third belong those who are "religious," who have accepted some creed or theology, who feel the divine consciousness stirring within them, and act occasionally on its impulsion. These wage a definite war on their crassly selfish instincts, see some meaning and purpose in the progress of humanity, and aspire towards a better and less limited life. It might further be suggested that in the first type self-will rules the man; that in the second, self-will is checked by a consideration for the general good, in which the individual having a share, is also a beneficiary where improvement is effected; while in the third, self-will is found in opposition to the divine Will, and the self has to be restrained and controlled until completely mastered and used finally as an instrument for the divine ends. Mastery of the self-will is accomplished by the divine Will, the self becoming more and more at one and in harmony with this conscious and divine Will.

In the early stages of this development man is hardly aware of his relation to the universe; he is inclined to accept things without question, or to imitate blindly the beliefs and traditions of his fellow-men. The more advanced and metaphysical philosophers, who have had the power

to turn back on their own consciousness and learn of it, have seen that the world of nature, the world of perception, is not and could not be the most real world; that the quality of self-consciousness could nowhere be found in the outer world, and could only be found in their own intimate consciousness of being. To bridge the gap between this outer and inner plane, one higher than the other, to explain the reality of the one plane in terms of the other,—this has been the task of philosophers.

But there is another relation of man to the universe, the next step beyond that taken by the metaphysician and philosopher; a step about which all the religious teachers and saints have written, and which to-day as never before is open to all men for consideration and trial. Most great philosophers have fallen short of this step because, once they had gathered energy to perceive the stream of consciousness they found within themselves, and, by so doing, had discovered the primary reality of self-consciousness over the outer world, they remained passive in that realization, turning back again to the study of the world instead of pushing their way further into the new realm they had penetrated. But just as the effort to turn within led to the extended knowledge of the primary reality of consciousness over the material creation, so, if this inner effort be continued long enough and with a certain faith and intensity,—in the silence and solitude, and in the detachment from the pull of the outer world and from the endless web of the mind with which each man surrounds himself, there will accumulate a new and deep power to enter more fully into this luminous reality within. The consciousness becomes aware of another Consciousness, appealing to it, drawing it, giving it life, raising it, as it were, to another plane or dimension. This experience, which, once given the trial, awakens the intensest longings for further and further communion, is termed "mystical" and "hallucination" by materialistic thinkers, who (too often with "religious" people) confound the great vital fact of the soul's power of spiritual perception with certain efforts to express those perceptions, dimly felt, in terms of metaphysics or of the imagination. In Christian teachings this communion is clearly indicated by the "Kingdom" which is "within," by the life of the Father in the heart and soul of the disciple; in the Upanishads it is described as the awakening to the Self, the "way of pure aspiration, the way of the gods, the solar path, the way of full Liberation." By following this way, by approaching this Power from above through the consciousness within the mind and heart, we find the doors are opened to all that is highest and best in the life of humanity; we find that Faith is no longer blindly imitative and servile, but dynamic; we find renewed inspiration, heightened imagination, creative force, intellectual capacity, and above all a reinvigoration and turning of the will; a voluntary offering of ourselves to the profund and over-mastering impulse enkindling us to realize this richer life and keener actuality. So from this new step, taken consciously by the disciple, taken unconsciously by some of the poets, but ignored by the scientific philosopher and metaphysician, we

are led to the divine nature, to the divine power, to righteousness and to wisdom and to light.

Henri Bergson has caught a glimpse of this step. His terms are philosophical, not religious, are scientific, not mystical; but he is describing the same effort, the same experience, and his contribution, therefore, has profound significance for the student of all such searchings after Divine Wisdom.

The term "intuition" has taken on a new and a richer meaning since Bergson used it. Who has absolute knowledge of religion, he asks in effect, he who analyses it in psychology, sociology, history, and metaphysics, or he who, from within, by a living experience, participates in its essence and holds communion with its duration? And "philosophy can only be an effort to transcend the human condition" (*Introduction to Meta.* p. 77). Intuition, as nearly as he can express it, is *"intellectual sympathy,"* and is the outcome of our clearer vision of the function and limits of conceptual thinking. In the introduction to *Creative Evolution,* a masterly summary of his philosophical position which intimates much for the future, he writes that "our thought, in its purely logical form, is incapable of presenting the true picture of life, the full meaning of the evolutionary movement." He explains this by asking, "Created in life, in definite circumstances, to act on definite things, how can it embrace life, of which it is only an emanation and aspect? Deposited by the evolutionary movement in the course of its way, how can it be applied to the evolutionary movement itself? As well contend that the part is equal to the whole, that the effect can reabsorb its cause, or that the pebble left on the beach displays the form of the wave that brought it there." Not one, then, of the categories of the mind can "apply exactly to the things of life. . . . In vain we force the living into this or that one of our molds. All the molds crack. They are too narrow, above all too rigid, for what we try to put into them."

He will not stop here,—this difficulty cannot be a barrier; else why this craving for certain truth, and how this ability to *live* in spite of lacking the knowledge about living? Must there not be a limitation in the very instrument with which we are seeking knowledge, and if so, how to arrive at knowledge by other means? Turning round upon the mind, he sees that the evolution applied to unorganized matter can equally apply to life, and that therefore intellect, being but a single such emanation of life, obviously attempts the impossible when it would reconstruct all things, even life itself, with "the powers of conceptual thought alone." Practically all that the mind of man has done is to say, through the mass of contradictions, paradoxes, and endless complications in which it found itself involved, that " 'It is no longer reality itself that it will reconstruct, but only an imitation of the real, or rather a symbolical image' . . . ." Bergson refuses to be satisfied with this as man's achievement. We must realize first that the intellect has limitations, but we

must also realize that, however supreme intellect may seem to us as an evidence and instrument of reality, yet all the power in the universe is not confined within the bounds of this one direction of its energy. The intellect can be made the instrument of other powers, can be used by them or combined with them. "Must we then give up fathoming the depths of life? Must we keep to that mechanistic idea of it which the understanding will always give us—an idea necessarily artificial and symbolical . . . ? We should have to do so, indeed, if life had employed all the psychical potentialities it possesses in producing pure understandings—that is to say, in making geometricians. But the line of evolution that ends in man is not the only one. On other paths, divergent from it, other forms of consciousness have been developed, which have not been able to free themselves from external constraints or to regain control over themselves, as the human intellect has done, but which, none the less, also express something that is immanent and essential in the evolutionary movement. Suppose these other forms of consciousness brought together and amalgamated with intellect: would not the result be a consciousness as wide as life? And such a consciousness, turning around suddenly against the push of life which it feels behind, would have a vision of life complete—would it not?—even though the vision were fleeting."

This is a splendid vision, and paves the way along which man can attain to knowledge, to Wisdom, and rise to a higher plane of consciousness than that which he now knows. Bergson has, perhaps deliberately, avoided the consideration of those forms of consciousness which are superior to ours—he mentions only those known to scientific investigation, such as instinct in animals, or the group consciousness of bees and ants, and the like. In its place we shall consider what he says about spirit and God: all that he has here done is to offer modern materialism a new and wider vision, using its own limited and restricted terms of knowledge, asking if the collective and complementary consciousness, embracing all inferior forms of consciousness, would not infinitely exceed the single human intellectual outlook. This is the wedge by which Bergson enters the spiritual world.

In answer to the criticism which immediately arose that after "turning around suddenly against the push of life," any vision resulting from such an effort would necessarily be interpreted to the personality through the mind, in the form of concepts, and that Bergson could not escape at all in this way the intellect he wished to elude, he writes "It will be said that, even so, we do not transcend our intellect, for it is still with our intellect, and through our intellect, that we see the other forms of consciousness. And this would be right if we were pure intellects, if there did not remain, around our conceptual and logical thought, a vague nebulosity, made of the very substance out of which has been formed the luminous nucleus that we call intellect. Therein

reside certain powers that are complementary to the understanding, powers of which we have only an indistinct feeling when we remain shut up in ourselves, but which will become clear and distinct when they perceive themselves at work, so to speak, in the evolution of nature. They will thus learn what sort of effort they must make to be intensified and expanded in the very direction of life."

As soon as man has realized that there *is* something more for his combined intellect and will to do, some region beyond and above the materialistic and mental planes of his normal activity, he can find the way, because it is there. Bergson has believed that there is more for man than theorizing, that his inheritance is not limited to vague gropings after the truth, that the forces of life, the *élan vital,* back of him, are not to be checked by matter, however dense, or by intellect, however finite; but that by co-operation with the consciousness within, man can rise to an illimitable and transcendent life.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

(*To be continued*)

In general the risks of temporary disaster which great ideals run appear to be directly proportioned to the value of the ideals. The disasters may be destined to give place to victory; but great truths bear great sorrows. What humanity most needs, it most persistently misunderstands. The spirit of a great ideal may be immortal; its ultimate victory, as we may venture to maintain, may be predetermined by the very nature of things; but that fact does not save such an ideal from the fires of the purgatory of time. Its very preciousness often seems to ensure its repeated, its long-enduring, effacement.

The Problem of Christianity: JOSIAH ROYCE.

EARLY ENGLISH MYSTICS

VI

RICHARD OF ST. VICTOR

"The most persuasive of the mystics."—FATHER FABER.

TWO centuries intervene between John Scotus Erigena and Richard, the Scotchman, who in 1163 became prior of the Abbey of St. Victor, near Paris. One great epoch of thought ends with Erigena. Another had begun when Richard left Scotland for France. The Patristic period of Christianity closed with John Erigena. Richard's work falls in the Scholastic period of Christian thought. The Scholastic period extends roughly from the 9th to the 14th century. The first period is accurately described by Mr. John Blake, Jr., in the October issue of the QUARTERLY: "During the Patristic period all that was best in Neoplatonism became absorbed into Christianity, and evolved what is called Christian Platonism." The endeavor of the Scholastic period was to absorb Aristotle.

Alcuin sowed the seed for the Scholastic harvest. It was said that in his work as teacher, he subordinated intellectual to moral interests. Thus he several times expressed disapproval of the time given to Vergil by some of his former pupils at Charlemagne's palace, he urged them to study rather the Hebrew Scriptures. Yet Alcuin did give secular instruction in logic and rhetoric; and the material that he used—he originated none—was a meagre portion of Aristotle's writings that had been transmitted through the centuries of barbarian invasion by commentators like Boethius. The movement of intellectual expansion to which Alcuin gave the initial impulse, received its largest contribution from the Spanish Arabs in the 12th century. Aristotle's scientific treatises of which Christian Europe was ignorant, were being studied and commented upon by Moslem scholars and physicians. In 1150 a Christian bishop in Spain supervised the translation into Latin of some of these Arabic works. By 1225, all of Aristotle's writings were accessible to Latin Christendom. The inrush of this pagan stream of science aroused alarm, and prohibitions were placed on the writings. But from one after another the ban was removed, until in 1254 even the treatise on "Physics" was recognised as fit for study. And by the third quarter of the century (Aquinas died in 1274), the tributary stream had mingled itself (very partially) with the original Christian source, and a broader volume of water flowed along. Aquinas's great effort was to blend harmoniously paganism and Christianity, to make Greek philosophy a serviceable handmaid to the Christian religion.

It was a superb opportunity thus offered to the Christian Church in the 12th and 13th centuries—an opportunity to practise the Theosophic method of accepting the good in alien systems of thought and thus enriching one's own treasure. The chance was given the Church to approximate nearer true Catholicism by adding to the mystical fervor of Plato the intellectual breadth of Aristotle. The Church did not accept fully as it might have done the great chance given it. So that to-day the world is just beginning to recover from the mistake then made. Ecclesiastics of the Scholastic period failed to fraternise religion and science. The harmonious blending they strove to effect was nominal and superficial. Religion and science were left each unfortified by the strength of the other. The intervening centuries have witnessed their fratricidal war. If the Church had been able to use this opportunity, it would have accomplished another very desirable reconciliation. Aristotle's scientific treasury came to Christendom through the Spanish Moslems and Jews. If ecclesiastics had truly fraternised religion and science, they might, perhaps, have effected an *entente cordiale* with Mohammedanism and Judaism. But this chance, too, was lost. And the Turk and the Jew are still outside the pale of the Church. The very partial success of Aquinas's effort to harmonise paganism and Christianity is shown by the position given to Aristotle in Dante's *Divine Comedy*. Dante erected his magnificient cathedral on the substructure of Aquinas. Dante pays great reverence to Aristotle as "the Master of those who know." But he assigns to this Master a place, together with other pagan philosophers, within the domains of hell—banished from the presence of God.

The present essay is a study of Scholasticism in its beginning. It is not concerned with the culmination represented by Aquinas (1225 to 1274) but with a period a century earlier. Before Aristotle's writings, with the Arabic comments, had been translated, the intellectual activity of the ecclesiastical scholars had used up the scanty materials they had at hand, the meagre store handed on by Boethius and others. In using up this material, the mediæval intellects had been sharpened to a very fine edge. We have seen how eager were Alcuin's pupils for knowledge, and how restlessly they questioned and perplexed him. Since the 8th century scholars had grown more acute and disputatious. At the end of the 10th century they turned a large measure of their energy into a dispute over a problem of metaphysics. The question at issue was the relation of the *individual* to the *universal*. That controversy represents an age of transition. In essence it is a struggle carried on between the old and the new by partisans who did not surmise the possibility of harmonising the new with the old.

That mediæval polemic may draw less ridicule from us to-day if we try to parallel it with other controversies, ancient and modern. In ancient India, for example, there were the two systems of discipline known as Yoga and Sankhya, one the way of intuition, the other of abstract reason. It is hardly possible to doubt that the partisans of each

system regarded one another with suspicion and rivalry. For the Gita, harmonising both, declares that: "Children, not wise men, speak of Sankhya and Yoga as different; he who has perfectly mastered one finds the fruit of both. The goal that is gained by the Sankhyas is also reached by the followers of Yoga; who sees Sankhya and Yoga as one, he indeed sees!" In modern times, the polemic over literature and science seems not an unfair parallel. How impossible it appears to us to-day to exaggerate the importance and value of *Sartor Resartus* or the *Descent of Man*. What vistas those books opened in the inner world and in the outer! Contemporary culture has harmonised and included both books. Present-day readers look upon literature and science as complementary subjects, not as rivals. But how did the partisans of literature against science, and vice versa, regard each other in 1850? We know that Carlyle sneered at those who endeavored to find mystery in a Leyden jar. And we know also the lofty indifference of certain scientists to the "futility," literature.

The controversy in the 11th century was no more foolish than that ancient effort in India or than the modern Western endeavor to make a rivalry where only harmony reigns. In the Patristic-Platonic period of Christianity, belief in the Absolute Reality of the Invisible One led with it a companion belief in the "illusory nature of all temporal things." When the scientific treatises of Aristotle began gradually to filter into that Patristic world, there came a jar. Why should such interest be given to things as they are, phenomena, when they all are perishable? Thus the contest arose incited by keen minds that lacked material to keep them normally active. The debate concerned itself with the nature of Reality. Does Reality exist, they asked, in individual objects that one can see? Or is Reality to be found in the Universal Idea that is abstracted from individual objects? The old school, the Christian Platonic, maintained the illusory nature of phenomena and declared that only the Universal Idea is Real. To this school was given the name Realists. On the other hand, some who called themselves adherents of the new Aristotelian school maintained that individual phenomena alone have Real existence, and that the thing called a Universal Idea is a shadowy something that has no other being than what is given it by a process of intellectual abstraction. To the disputants on this side of the controversy the name Nominalists was given; perhaps Phenomenalists would have been a better name, as signifying those who maintained that individual phenomena alone have real being.

That metaphysical controversy represents a collision between the old school of thought and the new, the Platonic and the Aristotelian. To harmonise the two, to blend the new with the old, was the task accomplished by the monks of St. Victor. In 1108, William of Champeaux, an eminent scholar, who had been lecturing in Paris at the Cathedral school of Notre Dame, retired to the quiet shrine of St. Victor. William had been worsted in dispute with his pupil Abelard.

William was an extreme Realist. Abelard represented a form of Nominalism. In the secluded shrine William modified the extreme views which had been criticised by his rationalistic pupil. Men of a moderate temper were drawn about him; gradually a community arose that became celebrated as holding firmly to the old school of thought, while at the same time, it opened its doors to the new studies. The influence of the Abbey in harmonising the two schools of thought was of great value. For Abelard was on the side of the new knowledge. And Abelard's rationalising mind led him toward heresy, caused the condemnation of his doctrines, and cast suspicions upon the new knowledge itself. The expansion of the mediæval horizons might have taken much longer time and struggle but for the sage conduct of the men who dominated at St. Victor. The Abbey became known as the stronghold of mysticism—the characteristic of the Patristic period. By standing on that firm foundation of the past, and at the same time holding out a welcome hand to the strange new knowledge and method, it allayed suspicion and alarm, and helped the cause of expansion and culture.

Hugh was the first head of the monastery to become celebrated. He was a continental Saxon by birth, and his lifetime covers the years from 1096 to 1140. An uncle of Hugh's had come into contact with William of Champeaux, and when this uncle returned into Germany he advised his nephew to join the French group of devout and learned students. Hugh went to St. Victor's in 1115, and in 1133 he became prior. Hugh was a man of sage counsel. He knew that vanity, not zeal for truth, most often leads men into controversial activity; and that personal victory rather than the triumph of righteousness is the goal of debaters. He refused to enter into the dispute about the reality of the universal or of the individual. He would take no side at all. He seemed to care neither about the extreme opinions nor the compromising middle. He was discriminating enough to see that zeal to condemn an opponent's mistake often blinds combatants to all the positive virtues that may be in the opponent's doctrine. Hugh did not make that common mistake—he tested the things that seemed good, no matter what their source, and if the test proved them sound, he held fast to them. Hugh and Abelard were two very different types. Abelard sought the applause and publicity that controversy brings. And Abelard's argumentative, rationalistic thinking led him to grave doctrinal errors. Hugh did not attack Abelard as partisans on the opposite side of the controversy did. He repudiated Abelard's heresies; but he was able to see that the scientific aspect of truth which interested Abelard was not at all responsible for Abelard's conclusions—that there was much to be commended in the new knowledge, and that those commendable qualities were much needed just at the moment. Hugh thus made himself part of the new scientific movement which many others were vilifying.

Abelard had compiled a manual of theology which he called *Sic et Non.* In that treatise, the method is to state an opinion, what some Fathers have said in favor and what others have said against it. There he left matters—a most baffling inconclusiveness for perplexed minds. Abelard wrote a more orderly *Introduction to Theology.* But in this he deduced heretical conclusions. Hugh saw the tendency and the need of the hour—a methodical system or science of Theology. In the *De Sacramentis,* he supplied the need—until a century later Aquinas gave the *Summa.*

Hugh is known by his mystical works rather than his theological treatises. The *Summa Theologica* in the 13th century carried the Scholastic movement to its culmination. That exhaustive treatise of Aquinas superseded Hugh's *De Sacramentis* and other manuals. But the fame and influence of Hugh's mystical writings were not so eclipsed. His writings have won such distinction that be is very commonly spoken of as the originator of the allegorical method of interpretation. It is an error so to regard Hugh. Erigena explained the various modes of interpreting Scripture, beginning with the historic, passing to the moral, and finally rising to the spiritual. St. Jerome wrote an allegorical interpretation of the New Testament genealogies. Through all the centuries from the birth of Christianity, the Scriptures have been interpreted in the allegorical way. St. Paul so interpreted the story of Hagar, and the story of Adam. Later scholars may have called Hugh the originator of allegorical interpretation because he and the Abbots who succeeded him, won rich stores of spiritual treasure from the Scriptures, at a time when many other ecclesiastics were using religion largely as a subject for argumentation.

It is one of Hugh's successors who finds a place in this series of Mystics, Richard, a Scotchman. He became prior in 1163, and maintained his predecessor's attitude toward the intellectual controversy that engaged the attention of so many others. He stood apart from it, and devoted his energy, mental and spiritual, to a study of the inner meaning of the Scriptures. Richard's mystical treatises won him distinction. Dante gave him a place in the Heaven of the Sun as one who "in contemplation was more than man." Che a considerar fu più che viro. Father Faber calls Richard "the most persuasive of the mystics."

Richard's writing is a splendid illustration of the successful harmonising of Platonic and Aristotelian thought. Like his predecessor Hugh, Richard is a mystic; his mysticism would enrol him with the saints of the Patristic period. But Richard is a scientific mystic. He has added Aristotle's genius for systematising to Plato's religious fervor. Richard's interest was the scientific rather than the devotional side of mysticism. He knew that the mystic's aim was union with God through Contemplation. And I believe he reached that end. But the task he set himself in writing was to explain to others the method by which one draws near to the goal. Richard writes of the science of the inner life. He describes

the laws of spiritual growth. He deals with the physiology of the spiritual man—with the stages of development and the relations of inward forces. His subject is the *Way to Contemplation.*

His best known works are the two entitled *Benjamin.* The lad Benjamin, the last and favorite son of Jacob, being spirtually interpreted, means Contemplation. Richard and his companions got their hint for that interpretation from the 27th verse of the 68th Psalm. In the version that was used by Richard (St. Jerome's) that verse reads: *Ibi Benjamin adolescentulus in mentis excessu.* "There is Benjamin a youth, in ecstasy of mind." From that hint Richard made an application of the story of Jacob and his sons to the inner life. In the present day it is sometimes said that the spiritual interpretations of the early centuries are quaint. Perhaps those interpretations seem quaint only because we are somewhat unfamiliar with the region of the inner life.

Richard interprets the story of Jacob, his wives and sons, as an account of man's inner progress up to the point of Contemplation in which man reaches his end, union with God. Jacob stands for the Master who brings into activity the powers of the human heart and mind. Leah and Rachel, the two wives, symbolise the Mind and the Heart, or Personal Will and Spiritual Will. Leah, the Mind, has a disorderly handmaid who is usually confused in drunkeness, namely, Reason. Rachel, the Heart, has also an attendant, Imagination, who is often a great chatterer. From these four women are born Jacob's children, the Virtues.

Leah, the Mind, is the first to conceive. She brings forth in due order four sons; 1, Ruben, or Dread of pain; 2, Simeon, Sorrow for sins; 3, Levi, Hope for forgiveness; 4, Judah, Love of righteousness. Next, Rachel subjects her vagrant Imagination to the Master, and two more sons are born; 5, Dan, Sight of Pain to come; 6, Naphtali, Sight of Joy to come. Leah, emulating Rachel, subjects her attendant, Reason, to the Master, and two sons are born; 7, Gad, Self-restraint; 8, Asher, Patience. Leah herself then brings forth three more children; 9, Issachar, Joy over inward sweetnesses; 10, Zebulun, Hatred of sin; 11, Dinah, Humility. Lastly, Rachel, the beloved wife (symbolising the heart), gives birth to the Father's best-loved sons; 12, Joseph, Discretion, and, after a long interval, 13, Benjamin, Contemplation. Rachel dies in giving birth to Benjamin. That death signifies that in Contemplation man is united to the Master and the desire of man's heart is attained.

A captious mind might find it possible to pick flaws in Richard's system. But Richard's treatise evidences acquaintance with spiritual powers as real forces. And it would be better for us to exert ourselves in acquiring the virtues whose course he traces, rather than to waste our effort in argument over his arrangement.

SPENSER MONTAGUE.

THE SACRED BOOKS OF ANCIENT CHINA

TO one reading the sacred books of China for the first time there comes with added force and significance that quotation often seen where lovers of books are wont to congregate, "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up to a life beyond life." As we look back over nearly forty centuries during which these texts have given forth their message, we stand in awe before their antiquity alone; but in the books themselves, we see that it is the truth which they contain,—or rather the aspect of the Truth,—which has enabled them to live through the ages. And many are the exigencies which they have survived; again and again have they been all but lost because of the perishability of the silk and bamboo tablets on which they were inscribed; more than once, have they become almost completely unintelligible through changes in the form of the language; political strife and internal warfare have caused their mutilation from time to time; and at one period, a tyrannical ruler eager to break all connection with the much worshipped past, and ensure the establishment of his own power, condemned them all to the flames, very nearly accomplishing their total annihilation. Yet today the Truth in them still shines forth, its light undimmed. Doubt may arise as to whether certain of the texts are of genuine antiquity, question may be made as to which portions were contributed by one or another of the old philosophers, endless wrangling may busy the translators, concerning possible interpretations of difficult and abstruse passages; but beneath or behind these surface difficulties, we find the message of the "master minds," and feel the life of the great nation which contributed to make that message what it was.

The ancient religious books of China fall naturally into three main divisions, in accordance with the three great lines of religious thought, Taoism, Confucianism and Buddhism. The last named, Buddhism, introduced into China probably in the 3rd century, B. C., and officially recognized in the 1st century, A. D., is a comparatively recent addition to the religious life and thought of the country. The first complete Chinese edition of the Buddhistic canon dates from about the 7th century of our era; we are told that there are numerous original Chinese Buddhistic works (practically none of which are available in English), but far the greater part of the Buddhistic literature of the country consists of translations from the various Indian dialects, made by teachers and preachers from India and Central Asia, who for a period of six hundred years

carried the Buddhistic teachings into China. As a record of the development of Chinese Buddhism, this literature might be of decided interest, but since neither the religion itself nor the main body of the literature is indigenous to the country, it is elsewhere that our interest lies, if we are regarding the sacred books as a monograph of the Chinese people,—the highest expression of their life and thought.

It is to the Confucian canon that one naturally turns, when considering the ancient religious books of the country, the chief reason being the tremendous part they have played in moulding the moral life of the nation. Just how much of these works we owe to Confucius (5th-6th centuries B. C.), is a matter of much conjecture and controversy. Some scholars tell us that he revised and re-arranged the literature of earlier times, gathering together and compiling scattered material, and in some cases leaving upon it the stamp of his own personality. Others declare that he had nothing to do with the writing of them and that even the *Hsiâo King* or *Classic of Filial Piety*,—the very mention of which suggests to most minds the name of Confucius,—was the work of another. Whatever the truth may be concerning the form of the texts, it is certain that their material antedates him, in most cases, by many centuries. He said of himself that he was a transmitter and not a maker, one who believed in and loved the ancients, and in his talks with his disciples he is said to have taught nothing for which he could not adduce good authority. His service above all else was his inculcation of reverence for the sacred books, the enthusiasm for them which he communicated to his disciples and the impulse to study them which he aroused in all who followed him.

These ancient books are divided into the five *King*, the titles of which are as follows: *The Shu* or *Book of Historical Documents; The Shi* or *Book of Poetry; The Yi* or *Book of Changes*, concerned for the most part with the practice of divination; *The Li Ki* or *Record of Rites; The Khun Khiû* or *Spring and Autumn*, written by Confucius himself and giving a brief chronological history of his native state of Lu from B. C. 722-481.

There are also the four *Shu* or *Books of the Four Philosophers;* but while these are classics, they are not, with the exception of the works of Mencius (the greatest writer of the Confucian school), generally included among the Sacred Books. It is with the five *King*, then,—*King* meaning the books of greatest authority, that we will be here concerned. These books give a simple, clear and, we have reason to believe, accurate picture of the Chinese national character of ancient times. They make no claim to revelation or divine inspiration, nor do they set forth a religion in the sense usually implied by such a phrase.

The oldest and perhaps the most important of the texts is the *Shu King*, or *Book of Historical Documents*, dating back to the 24th century B. C. The accuracy, indeed, the very existence, of this work is due to the fact that in primeval days each court had its recorder or

annalist whose duty it was to write on tablets all the important business transactions of the court and all charges given by the ruler to his feudal princes. There is evidence of the existence of these recorders as far back as the Hsia dynasty (B. C. 2205-1765) and as for the accuracy of their work, Confucius states that in his own day a court recorder would leave a blank in the text rather than enter anything for the truth of which there was insufficient evidence.

The first few chapters of the *Shu King* begin, "Examining into antiquity we find," and the entries are evidently not contemporaneous with the times of which they treat. They are believed to be contemporaneous, however, as far back as the 22d century B. C., and the material, a number of disconnected historical memorials, extends over a period of 1700 years. The book opens with an account of the legendary emperor Yao (B. C. 2357-2255), under whose rule the country enjoyed a period of universal concord,—China's Golden Age. This emperor chose as best fitted to succeed him, Shun, a man of the common people. We learn that the latter was the son of a blind man; his father was obstinately unprincipled, his step-mother insincere, his half-brother arrogant; yet so great was his filial piety that he not only lived harmoniously with them, but led them to self-government. After this, we need hardly be told that "He was profound, wise, accomplished and intelligent, mild, courteous and truly sincere." These two kings are supposed to have calculated the movements of the stars, to have arranged a calendar with an intercalary month, to have determined uniform weights and measures, to have given the people good laws and to have administered all the affairs of their kingdom justly and with great wisdom. They set before their subjects "an example of the most extended love, virtue, righteousness, reverence, and yielding courtesy" and they served as a model for posterity through the centuries that followed. To comprehend fully the meaning of this last statement,—to understand the reverence, veneration and emulation with which the ancients were universally regarded,—it is necessary to realize the value of probably the two strongest influences in the moral life of China, namely the doctrine of filial piety and the practice of ancestor worship.

It may be well here to leave the *Shu King* for the time being and note from the *Hsiâo King* or *Classic of Filial Piety,* how completely alien to the Chinese mind is the western idea of the liberty and dignity of the individual as distinct from the community to which he belongs. Filial piety was regarded as the "root of all virtue," "the stem out of which grows all moral teachings." In the words of Confucius,

*"Of all creatures with their different natures produced by heaven and earth, man is the noblest. Of all actions of man there is none greater than filial piety. This should go even so far as making one's father the correlate of Heaven"—(the last phrase is explained by Legge to

* Translations used are by James Legge, *Sacred Books of the East,* edited by Prof. Max Mueller.

mean ruling on earth as God rules above.) Furthermore, of the list of 3,000 offences in the Chinese penal code, there was, according to the master, no one greater than being unfilial. That the term possessed a far broader significance than that of simple obedience is shown in the following passage also belonging to Confucius.

"Our bodies—to every hair and bit of skin—are received by us from our parents, and we must not presume to injure or wound them:—this is the beginning of filial piety. When we have established our character by the practice of the filial course, so as to make our name famous in future ages, and thereby glorify our parents:—this is the end of filial piety. It commences with the service of parents; it proceeds to the service of the ruler; it is completed by the establishment of the character." In practice it was made to apply to every detail of life from the least to the greatest; it was considered "the fundamental principle of human virtue, the great source of social happiness, and the bond of national strength and stability."

That a large measure of this filial regard should be directed toward the sovereign, is quite natural since the latter is regarded as the parent of the people. The other reason given for the veneration of the rulers of antiquity,—namely ancestor worship,—leads us to a consideration of the religious beliefs and practices of the people.

In the *Shu King* we are told that the great Shun on succeeding Yao, "sacrificed specially but with the ordinary forms, to God; sacrificed with reverent purity to the Six Honored ones; offered their appropriate sacrifices to the hills and rivers; and extended his worship to the host of spirits." He also observed from the first all the ceremonial of ancestor worship. It may be mentioned in passing that "the Six Honored Ones" are supposed by one Chinese critic to mean the spirits ruling over the seasons, cold, heat, sun, moon, stars and drought.

Concerning the ceremonials of ancester worship we have, perhaps, the fullest information in the *Shih King* or *Book of Poetry*. This book, a collection of ballads, songs, hymns and other pieces of a more strictly Chinese character is second in importance only to the *Shu King*. Confucius laid upon it the utmost emphasis as a means of inculcating "propriety and righteousness," teaching that it was from these poems the mind received the best stimulus. "A man ignorant of them was like one who stands with his face to the wall, limited in his view and unable to advance"; accordingly the poems were preserved in the memory of all who considered themselves his followers. Aside from this fact, it is interesting to note that poetry in ancient China held a position of importance for purposes of government. According to some authorities, it was the custom, during the early ages, to lay before the emperor the poems of the various states at certain periods of the year; the sovereign, judging by their means what was good or bad in the government of the state or in the moral and religious life of the people, meted out reward and punishment to his feudal princes accordingly.

The part of the *Shih King* known as the "Odes of the Temple and the Altar" is the only part which is professedly religious, the poems being for the most part connected with the royal ancestor worship of three, in particular, of the ancient dynasties. No mention is made of the worship of the common people but the observances were binding on all alike. The following ode is fairly typical; it is stated to be "in praise of the virtue of King Wăn, blessed by his ancestors, and raised to the highest dignity without seeking of his own,"—

> "Look at the foot of the Han, How abundantly grow the hazel and arrow thorn. Easy and self-possessed was our prince, In his pursuit of dignity (still) easy and self-possessed.
>
> Massive is that libation-cup of jade, With the yellow liquid sparkling in it. Easy and self-possessed was our prince, The fit recipient of blessing and dignity.
>
> The hawk flies up to heaven, The fishes leap in the deep. Easy and self-possessed was our prince:—Did he not exert an influence on men?
>
> His clear spirits were in the vessels; His red bull was ready;—To offer, to sacrifice, To increase his bright happiness.
>
> Thick grow the oaks and the buckthorn, Which the people use for fuel. Easy and self-possessed was our prince, Cheered and encouraged by the spirits.
>
> Luxuriant are the dolichos and other creepers, Clinging to the branches and stems, Easy and self-possessed was our prince, Seeking for happiness by no crooked ways."

Poems such as this were composed when on certain prescribed occasions the worship of the ancestor was observed with great ceremony. All the members of the family gathered together, one member personating the dead, sacrifices were made, and a great feast held, the whole being attended with much pomp and splendor. The poetry connected with these rites abounds in detailed descriptions of sumptuous feasts, gorgeous trappings and all the intricacies of elaborate ceremonial.

These observances were no mere rites in memory of the dead; that they were actual worship and that the continued existence of the spirits of the dead was believed in is evidenced in many ways. One of the most convincing proofs is the fact that as soon as possible after the burial of the dead, a sacrifice was made for the repose of his spirit, a spirit-tablet was placed in the family shrine, and into this the spirit was supposed to enter. "The son was then able to think of his father as never far from him," and the deceased was supposed to extend his protection over his descendants, securing for them as many as possible of the good things of this world. Through this form of worship the ancestors of the kings became the tutelary spirits of the dynasty and the ancestors of each family became its tutelary spirits.

The following passage from the odes is a further expression of the belief in continued existence after death:

> "Looked at in friendly intercourse with superior men, You make your countenance harmonious and mild; Anxious not to do anything wrong. Looked at in your chamber, You ought to be equally free from shame before the light which shines in. Do not say, 'This place is not public; No one can see me here.' The approaches of spiritual beings Cannot be calculated beforehand; But the more should they not be slighted:"

This constant worship of the ancestors naturally led to an extreme reverence for antiquity; and reverence itself as a trait of character was held in the highest esteem. Again and again, the sages exhort, "Learn the lessons of the ancients," and from the emperor Shun, we find quoted repeatedly, "Let me be reverent! Let me be reverent!"

Besides the worship of ancestors the people sacrificed also to numerous spirits, who were supposed to exercise power over the soil, the crops, the grain, the land. The following is an ode, probably of thanksgiving to the spirits of the land and grain:—

> "Very sharp are the excellent shares, With which they set to work on the south lying acres.
>
> They sow their various kinds of grain, Each seed containing in it a germ of life.
>
> There are those who come to see them, With their baskets round and square, Containing the provisions of millet.
>
> With their light splint hats on their heads, They ply their hoes on the ground, Clearing away the smartweed on the dry land and wet.
>
> The weeds being decayed, The millets grow luxuriantly.
>
> They fall rustling before the reapers. The gathered crop is piled up solidly, High as a wall, United together like the teeth of a comb; And the hundred houses are opened (to receive the grain).
>
> Those hundred houses being full, The wives and children have a feeling of repose.
>
> Now we kill this black-muzzled tawny bull, with his crooked horns, To imitate and hand down, To hand down the observances of our ancestors."

The third form of worship mentioned above,—the worship of God,—is referred to throughout the sacred books, only incidentally. There were two great occasions on which it was rendered by the sovereign, the summer and the winter solstices, others occurred at stated periods during the year. The use of the word Heaven, is found almost constantly in the books of the *Shu King*, and in this connection it is well to note that the Chinese character often employed to designate Heaven, was also,

as is the case in our own phraseology, frequently used to refer to the Deity. From many passages in the *Shu* we learn that to the ancient peoples of China, the relation between the powers of Heaven and the fortunes of mankind was close and constant. In the *Shi* as well, the idea is strongly emphasized. One poet writes "Let me not say that it (Heaven) is high above me. It ascends and descends about our doings. It daily inspects us wherever we are." By Heaven were established all social relationships and social distinctions; all good and ill fortune likewise were Heaven sent by a direct system of reward and punishment. For it was not till the time of Confucius that there took definite shape the doctrine of the sins of the fathers being visited on the children,—the prevailing doctrine among the Chinese of the present day. Nowhere do we find the idea that God demands love and reverence from mankind, nor is there any belief in a devil who tempts man and rejoices in his fall. Again, the idea of possible reward or punishment after death seems not to have been entertained. The old classics are silent as to any retribution other than that which was meted out during a life time. "Heaven sends down misery or happiness according to man's conduct."

As will be seen this was a belief of an essentially practical nature, and one which led to no lofty speculation, to no mystical ideal. Throughout the sacred books we find the possession of "pure virtue" extolled as the highest and noblest condition to which man could attain but to this "pure virtue" belonged no metaphysical significance. In the *Shu* we are told that, "There is no invariable model of virtue;—a supreme regard to what is good gives the model of it. There is no invariable characteristic of what is good, that is to be supremely regarded,—it is found where there is conformity to the uniform consciousness in regard to what is good." Pure virtue then, would seem to be attainable through development on a material or psychic plane, rather than through any process of spiritual growth, and the Confucian teaching, through the observance of which one became "the superior man" was a code of a thoroughly practical nature.

This does not mean, however, that "pure virtue" was made easy of attainment. The nine virtues, as set forth in the *Shu* are: "Affability combined with dignity; mildness combined with firmness; bluntness combined with respectfulness; aptness for government combined with reverent caution; docility combined with boldness; straightforwardness combined with gentleness; an easy negligence combined with discrimination; boldness combined with sincerity; and valor combined with righteousness." Truly no mean aim!

As for the means of attaining to the virtuous state, the cultivation of humility, gentleness, reverence were accorded their fitting place; the power of active goodness as opposed to the restraint of punishment was realized; also self-conquest was recognized at its true value and held in the highest esteem. But perhaps a few passages from the *Shu* will be especially pertinent here:

"To set up love, it is for you to love your relations; to set up respect, it is for you respect your elders. The commencement is in the family and the state; the consummation is in all within the four seas."

"Want of harmony in the life rises from the want of it in ones inner self;—strive to be harmonious."

"By trifling intercourse with men, he" (any may) "ruins his virtue; by finding his amusement in things of mere pleasure he ruins his aims. His aims should repose in what is right. . . . If you do not attend jealously to your small actions, the result will be to affect your virtue in great matters."

"Indulging the consciousness of being good is the way to lose that goodness; being vain of one's ability is the way to lose the merit it might produce."

"Finally, enlarge your thoughts to the comprehension of all heavenly principles and virtue will be richly displayed in your person."

One means to the attainment of virtue, or perhaps we might almost say one aspect of virtue, considered by the Chinese people to be of first importance, was the observance of the proprieties. An entire classic, the *Li Ki,* or *Book of Rites,* is given over to the presentation of the rules of propriety. And here we find that practically every act of a Chinaman's life, or rather the mode of performing that act, was fixed and determined by rules, the ignorance or neglect of which would bring upon him scorn and derision. One section of the *Li Ki* prescribes the rules for regulating the behavior of a scholar or officer on state occasions. Another prescribes the carriages, trappings, clothing and personal ornaments to be used by the emperor during each successive season of the year; the days for certain ceremonial observances, the time for giving orders concerning husbandry, forestry and all the industries of the kingdom. When one considers the complexities of Chinese court life, it is quite conceivable that the persons concerned might be grateful indeed, for this systematic arrangement of the manifold details.

It is the part of the book prescribing the rules of mourning that causes one to realize most fully the difference between the Chinese and the Western point of view. Here the book gives elaborate directions concerning the most minute details of a very intricate funeral ceremony, it also regulates the garb of the mourners to the point of stipulating whether the hair shall be arranged in one way or another and whether the robe shall have even or frayed edges. Graduated rules are given for beating the breast, leaping and stamping, and the time and place for wailing are fixed. This last might seem an advisable precaution, but the book merely states that for certain degrees of relationship wailing shall take place in the east room, or at the door or in the lane. Whole pages are devoted to the degrees of mourning, indicating for example how

a man shall mourn for his great grand-uncle, his spinster great grand-aunt, a married great-grand-aunt, a spinster first cousin of grand-father, and so on seemingly without end.

It is difficult to see at first how a book of this nature could hold so high a place and what bearing these exaggerated proprieties could have on the possession of virtue; yet the connection was considered a close one. To begin with, the word Li means "a step or act, that whereby we serve spiritual beings and obtain happiness," and it therefore contains a religious import. Further than this, the Chinese insist that ceremony without reverence is nothing and absolute sincerity was a requisite in the observance of the rules: From this point of view we find less incomprehensible the statement that the rules are "the highest expression of the truth of things," the very framework of society being built on this underlying truth. Or again when we read, "The rules of propriety serve as instruments to form men's characters, and they are therefore prepared on a great scale. Being so, the value of them is very high. They remove from a man all perversity, and increase what is beautiful in his nature. They make him correct, when employed in the ordering of himself; they insure for him free course when employed toward others. They are to him what the outer coating is to bamboos, and what its heart is to a pine or cypress."

Of the Chinese *King* there is only one which we have not yet touched upon. This is the *Yi King* a book on divination, divination by means of the tortoise-shell or stalks, playing a very large part in the religious life of the country. The basis of this book is a series of eight trigrams gradually increasing to sixty-four hexagrams, believed to have been handed down to posterity by Fû-hsî, the supposed founder of the Chinese nation. These figures are composed of a whole and a broken line. In early historic times two of the sovereigns wrote a brief explanation of what each of these figures suggested to his mind and the practical course to which it directed, when regarded from the standpoint of divination. Thus a text of sixty-four short essays was drawn up and later writers have added to this, ten appendices. So enigmatic and symbolical is the book that throughout the ages it has defied all attempts at explanation. How great an enigma it has proved, will be shown in a brief paragraph from Legge's translation which we venture to quote:

"Confucius declared that he would like to give another fifty years to the elucidation of this puzzling text. . . . 'Chu Hsi alone,' says a Chinese, 'was able to pierce through the meaning and appropriate the thoughts of the inspired man who composed it.' No foreigner, however, has been able quite to understand what Chu Hsi did make of it. . . . Several have gone so far as to set all native interpretations aside in favor of their own." He then goes on to explain that by one it is said to be a calendar of the lunar year, by another to contain a system of phallic worship, by another the vocabulary of the language of a tribe whose very existence had to be postulated for the purpose.

As a fair example of the style of the text the following section or paragraph will suffice; "In the first or lowest line" (meaning of the trigram) "undivided, we see its subject as the dragon lying hid in the deep. It is not the time for active doing." Successively, each line of the various figures receives similar treatment.

The appendix too, is very enigmatic, but it is interspersed with numerous passages, philosophical in tone. Thus we have, "It is the way of heaven to diminish the full and augment the humble. It is the way of earth to overthrow the full and replenish the humble," and so on, giving many observations of like nature. And it is only such passages as this that make reconcilable to the Western mind the assertion that the book is "fitted to correct and perfect the character of the learner."

In the books of the Confucian canon we find without doubt, the noblest expression of the moral life of ancient China, reflecting a standard which is well set forth in the following words of Confucius himself: (they concern the four qualities to the possession of which "the superior man" should attain) "To serve my father as I would require my son to serve me, I am not yet able; to serve my ruler as I would require my minister to serve me; I am not yet able; to serve my elder brother as I would require a younger brother to serve me, I am not yet able; to set the example in behaving to a friend as I would require him to behave to me, I am not yet able."

Nowhere, however, as has been mentioned before, do these books promulgate a religion as such. The ancient Chinese, if he observed in the highest sense his duty to his neighbor, might attain to the condition of "the superior man" and yet pass his whole life without concern for anything above or beyond immediate circumstances. We find more than one translator complaining of the lack of theology and dogmatic teaching. This attitude is most pronounced in P. Callery's introduction to his own translation of the *Li Ki*. Here he states that in this book where there might be expected the fullest treatment of religious beliefs, the writer passes lightly over everything that is pure speculation and mentions these grave matters only with the utmost indifference. He then goes on to say, "According to my ideas this proves two things: first, that in ancient times the greatest geniuses of China possessed concerning the creator, nature and the destiny of the soul, only obscure notions, uncertain and often contradictory; second, that the Chinese possessed in a very feeble degree, the religious sentiment, and that they do not experience, like the races of the Occident, the imperative need of solving the mysteries of the invisible world."

Aside from any other points of issue which may be raised by this statement, the assertion that "the Chinese possessed in a very feeble degree the religious sentiment" is certainly open to question, one of the strongest arguments to the contrary being the speculations of Lao-tse and the existence of the *Tao-te-King*. But Taoism is a subject in itself.

JULIA CHICKERING.

THE ADEPTS AND MODERN SCIENCE*

MODERN science is a bugbear for many a good Theosophist, causing him to hide his real opinions for fear they should conflict with science. But the latter is an unstable quantity, always shifting its ground, although never devoid of an overbearing assurance, even when it takes back what it had previously asserted. The views of scientific men have frequently been brought forward as a strong objection to the possibility of the existence of Adepts, Masters, Mahatmas, perfected men who have a complete knowledge of all that modern science is endeavouring to discover. Many trembling members of the Society, who do not doubt the Masters and their powers, would fain have those beings make their peace with science, so that the views of nature and man put forward by the Mahatmas might coincide with the ideas of modern investigators. It will be profitable to try to discover what is the attitude of the Adepts towards modern science.

The question was raised quite early in the history of the Society in the correspondence which Mr. Sinnett had with the Adept K. H. in India, and there is in the answers published by Mr. Sinnett in *The Occult World* enough to indicate clearly what is the attitude of such beings to modern science. That book will often have to be referred to in future years, because the letters given in its pages are valuable in more senses than has been thought; they ought to be studied by every member of the Society, and the ideas contained therein made a part of our mental furniture.

It is evident from the remarks made in *The Occult World* that the persons to whom the letters were written had a high respect for modern science; that they would have liked to see science convinced of the machinery of the occult Cosmos, with all that that implies; that they thought if modern scientific men could be convinced by extraordinary phenomena or otherwise about the Masters and Theosophy, very beneficial results to the Society would follow. There can be no doubt that if such a convincing were possible the results would have followed, but the hope of convincing our scientists seemed vain, because no way exists to alter the attitude of materialistic modern science except by a complete reform in their methods and theories. This would be a bringing back of ancient thought, and not agreeable to modern men. To pander in any way to science

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would be impossible to the Masters. They hold the position that if the rules and conclusions of nineteenth century science differ from those of the Lodge of the Brotherhood, then so much the worse for modern conclusions, as they must all be revised in the future. The radical difference between occult and modern materialistic science is that the former has philanthropy as its basis, whereas the latter has no such basis. Let us now see what can be discovered from the letters written by K. H. to Mr. Sinnett and another.

Mr. Sinnett writes: "The idea I had especially in my mind when I wrote the letter above-referred to was that, of all tests of phenomena one could wish for, the best would be the production in our presence in India of a copy of *The London Times* of that day's date. With such a piece of evidence in my hand, I argued, I would undertake to convert everybody in Simla who was capable of connecting two ideas together, to a belief in the possibility of obtaining by occult agency physical results which were beyond the control of modern science." To this he received a reply from K. H., who said: "Precisely because the test of the London newspaper would close the mouths of the sceptics it is inadmissible. See it in what light you will, the world is yet in its first stage of disenthralment, hence, unprepared. . . . But as on the one hand science would find itself unable in its present state to account for the wonders given in its name, and on the other the ignorant masses would still be left to view the phenomenon in the light of a miracle, every one who would be thus made a witness to the occurence would be thrown off his balance and the result would be deplorable." In this is the first indication of the philanthropic basis, although later it is definitely stated. For here we see that the Adepts would not do that which might result in the mental confusion of so many persons as are included in the "ignorant masses." He then goes on to say: "Were we to accede to your desires, know you really what consequence would follow in the trail of success? The inexorable shadow which follows all human innovations moves on, yet few are they who are ever conscious of its approach and dangers. What are they then to expect who would offer to the world an innovation which, owing to human ignorance, if believed in will surely be attributed to those dark agencies that two-thirds of humanity believe in and dread as yet?"

Here again we see that Adepts will not do that which, however agreeable to science, extraordinary and interesting in itself, might result in causing the masses once more to consider that they had proof of the agency of devils or other dreaded unseen beings. The object of the Adepts being to increase the knowledge of the greater number and to destroy dogmatism with superstition, they will not do that which would in any way tend to defeat what they have in view. In the letter quoted from, the Adept then goes on to show

that the number of persons free from ignorant prejudice and religious bigotry is still very small. It is very true that such an extraordinary thing as the production of The *Times* in India across several thousand miles of ocean might convince even hundreds of scientific men of the possibility of this being done by a knowledge of law, but their belief would have but little effect on the immense masses of uneducated persons in the West who are still bound up in religious bigotry and prejudice. The Adept hints that "the inexorable shadow that follows all human innovations" would be a sudden blazing forth again of ignorant superstition among the masses, which, gaining force, and sweeping all other men along in the immense current thus generated, the very purpose of the phenomenon would then be negatived. On this the Adept writes a little further on, "As for human nature in general, it is the same now as it was a million years ago, prejudice based upon selfishness, a general unwillingness to give up an established order of things for new modes of life and thought—and occult study requires all that and much more—proud and stubborn resistance to truth if it but upsets the previous notion of things: such are the characteristics of the age." "However successful, the danger would be growing proportionately with success," that is, the danger would grow in proportion to the success of the phenomenon produced. "No choice would soon remain but to go on, ever *crescendo,* or to fall, in this endless struggle with prejudice and ignorance, killed by your own weapons. Test after test would be required and would have to be furnished; every subsequent phenomenon expected to be more marvellous than the preceding one. Your daily remark is that one cannot be expected to believe unless he becomes an eye-witness. Would the lifetime of a man suffice to satisfy the whole world of sceptics? In common with many you blame us for our great secrecy. Yet we know something of human nature, for the experience of long centuries, aye of ages, has taught us. And we know that so long as science has anything to learn, and a shadow of religious dogmatism lingers in the hearts of the multitudes, the world's prejudices have to be conquered step by step, not at a rush." These simple remarks are philosophical, historically accurate, and perfectly true. All spiritualistic mediums know that their visitors require test after test. Even the dabbler in psychic matters is aware that his audience or his friends require a constant increase of phenomena and results, and every earnest student of occultism is aware of the fact that in his own circle there are fifty unbelievers to one believer, and that the believers require that they shall see the same thing over again that others report.

Proceeding with this matter to another letter, the Adept says: "We will be at cross purposes in our correspondence until it has been made perfectly plain that occult science has its own methods of research as fixed and arbitrary as the methods of its antithesis, physi-

cal science, are in their way. If the latter has its dicta, so has the former." He then goes on to show that the person desiring to know their science must abide by their rules, and taking his correspondent as an illustration, he says: "You seek all this, and yet, as you say yourself, hitherto you have not found sufficient reasons to even give up your modes of life, directly hostile to such communication." This means of course that scientific men as well as other inquirers must conform to the rules of occult science if they wish to know it, and must themselves change their modes of thought and action. He then goes on to analyze the motives of his correspondent, and these motives would be the same as those impelling science to investigate. They are described to be the desire to have positive proofs of forces in nature unknown to science, the hope to appropriate them, the wish to demonstrate their existence to some others in the West, the ability to contemplate future life as an objective reality built upon knowledge and not faith, and to learn the truth about the Lodge and the Brothers. These motives, he says, are selfish from the standpoint of the Adepts, and this again emphasizes the philanthropy behind occult science. The motives are selfish because, as he says, "The highest aspirations for the welfare of humanity become tainted with selfishness if in the mind of the philanthropist there lurks a shadow of a desire for self-benefit, or a tendency to do injustice, even where these exist unconsciously to himself. Yet you have ever discussed but to put down the idea of a universal brotherhood, questioned its usefulness, and advised to remodel the Theosophical Society on the principle of a college for the special study of occultism."

The Adept makes it very clear that such a proposition could not be entertained, showing once more that the Brotherhood, and not the study of secret laws of nature, is the real object the inner Lodge has in view. Brotherhood as an object is the highest philanthropy, and especially so when connected with science.

In another letter, written after consultation with much higher Adepts, who have never been mentioned and who are utterly unknown even to Theosophists, being too high to be encountered, he takes up the same subject, saying, "In conformity with exact science you define but one cosmic energy, and see no difference between the energy expended by the traveller who pushes aside the bush that obstructs his path and the scientific experimenter who expends an equal amount of energy in setting the pendulum in motion. We do; for we know there is a world of difference between the two. The one uselessly dissipates and scatters force; the other concentrates and stores it; and here please understand that I do not refer to the relative utility of the two, as one might imagine, but only to the fact that in the one case there is brute force flung out without any transmutation of that brute energy into the higher potential form of spiritual dynamics, and in the other there is just that. . . . Now for

us poor unknown philanthropists no fact of either of these sciences is interesting except in the degree of its potentiality for moral results, and in the ratio of its usefulness to mankind. And what, in its proud isolation, can be more utterly indifferent to everyone and everything, or more bound to nothing but the selfish requisites for its advancement, than this materialistic science of fact? May I ask, then, what have the laws of Faraday, Tyndall, or others to do with philanthropy in their abstract relations with humanity, viewed as an intelligent whole? What care they for man as an isolated atom of this great and harmonious whole, even though they may be sometimes of practical use to him? Cosmic energy is something eternal and incessant; matter is indestructible: and there stand the scientific facts. Doubt them and you are an ignoramus; deny them, a dangerous lunatic, a bigot: pretend to improve upon the theories, an impertinent charlatan. And yet even these scientific facts never suggested any proof to the world of experimenters that nature consciously prefers that matter should be indestructible under organic rather than under inorganic forms, and that she works slowly but incessantly towards the realization of this object—the evolution of conscious life out of unconscious material. . . . Still less does exact science perceive that while the building ant, the busy bee, the nidifacient bird, accumulates each in its own humble way as much cosmic energy in its potential form as a Hayden, a Plato, or a ploughman turning his furrow. . . . The hunter who kills game for his pleasure or profit, the positivist who applies his intellect to proving that *plus* multiplied by *plus* equals *minus*, are wasting and scattering energy no less than the tiger which springs upon its prey. They all rob nature instead of enriching her, and will all in the degree of their intelligence find themselves accountable. . . . Exact experimental science has nothing to do with morality, virtue, philanthropy—therefore can make no claim upon our help until it blends itself with metaphysics. Being a cold classification of facts outside of man, and existing before and after him, her domain of usefulness ceases for us at the outer boundary of these facts; and whatever the inferences and results for humanity from the materials acquired by her methods, she little cares. Therefore, as our sphere lies entirely outside of hers,—as far as the path of Uranus is outside the earth's,—we distinctly refuse to be broken on any wheel of her construction. . . . The truths and mysteries of Occultism constitute, indeed, a body of the highest spiritual importance, at once profound and practical for the world at-large, yet it is not as an addition to the tangled mass of theory or speculation that they are being given to you, but for their practical bearing on the interests of mankind."

We have in these extracts a clear outline of the exact position of the Adepts towards modern science, together with the statement of the reasons why they do not come forth by astounding phenomena to convince the world of their existence. The reason for the refusal

is that the world is not ready, but is in such a condition that the end would be obstructed and damage be the result. Their attitude to modern science is that they accept the facts of science wherever they prove the truths of Occultism, but they consider modern science to be materialistic and also devoid of philanthropy. This we must admit to be the case, and as the student who has had experience in these matters knows for himself that the Adepts have the truth and possess a knowledge of nature's laws, he approves of their refusing to come down to science and of their demand that science must rise to them. He also knows that in the course of the cycles the mass of men will have been educated and developed to such a position that a new school, at once religious and scientific, will have possession of the earth and rule among all men who possess civilization.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

From the Edicts of the Buddhist Emperor Asoka (Piyadasi), dating from the third century B. C.:

"'Edict I.—Thus spake King Piyadasi, beloved of the gods. . . . Happiness in this world and in the next is difficult to secure without an excessive zeal for religion, a rigorous supervision, a perfect obedience, a lively sense of responsibility, and a constant activity. . . . The rule is this: government by religion, law by religion, progress by religion, and security by religion."

"'Edict III.—Thus spake King Piyadasi, beloved of the gods. One sees only his good acts and says: I have done such a good act. But one does not see his evil acts and does not say: I have committed this evil act, this act is a sin. Such examination is painful, it is true, but nevertheless it is necessary to question oneself and to say: such things are sinful, as mischief, cruelty, anger, and pride. It is necessary to examine oneself carefully and to say: I will not harbour envy, nor calumniate others. This will be beneficial to me here below; this will be in truth still more beneficial to me in the life to come.'"

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

Practical Occultism.

III

THE last entry by Mrs. S. which I quoted, was dated March 25th. On the following day she wrote:

"This was by far the best morning meditation since I left Tokyo. Following the resolution of this morning ('to be content to give just what I have, no matter how little that may be'), I began by trying to give to Master, myself including the shortcomings and imperfections (this was not actually the first step, because I pass to Master by way of Cavé). Then, through the Master, I tried to reach to the consciousness of the Lodge. Mental processes were not inactive by any means: more than once I dropped back and my mind announced in the same breath that this was a meditation of 'undisturbed aspiration'! But there were moments which came near to being contemplation, and the mind, when it did speak, instead of *remembering,* occupied itself with the meditation as such. I had a sense of nearly doing it. Afterwards I sat still for a few minutes, and tried to pick up anything that Cavé may have said. The words that came into my mind were a combination of two separate texts (I looked them up): 'Be of good cheer . . . the night is far spent; the day is at hand.' I do believe that my impatience with myself,—or sense of depression at myself—has been due in large measure to my intense desire to be of some use to Cavé. Stupid, but true. Then I think of the widow's mite."

"And why stupid!" Cavé commented in pencil. "When we hate ourselves for love of another—with desire to serve—may it not be in some small part a reflection of that truth of Love which the Master so perfectly exemplifies? 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' Is it not some desire to lay down life? Oh! if you would realize what a precious gift love is—and so its least expression."

At about this time Mrs. S. received from Cavé the following, intended originally for Mrs. S. or for some other, but in any case exactly suitable for her condition.

"What havens of peace lie in the depths of divine consciousness; what security from the world's tumult, which beats unheard against its doors. Close thy ears and enter in. There in utter forgetting find the calm of unending union, and that radiance of joy which no outer circumstance can dim. You know to whom this should go."

On the day following the receipt of this message, Mrs. S. described her meditation in these words:

"I do not know how to enter this. I am so grateful for it. In its way, one of the best and truest meditations I have ever had. Looking back upon it, a few minutes afterwards, I think the Master himself must have made it for me—by drawing me out towards himself; to give me some experience of what he had said to Cavé. There were noises and pianos and things; but I decided to let the mind listen all it wanted, because I *could* go out to him in my heart, and that would be all I would do. And it went out to him—it was drawn and drawn to him, until, I am sorry to say, my emotions got the better of me, and I found tears running out so big and fast that it distracted me. Before that happened, I had some slight sense of his suffering, with the thought in my mind of what some of the old writers mean by entering into the 'wounds of Christ'; and then, after that, some sense of a sweetness so ineffably sweet, and, behind that, or within that, the sense of a calm joy beyond my present memory—but with the thought that he, on one side of his nature, lives in it. Then just for an instant there was a sense, no matter how dim, that in my real self I was a part of that calm joy—a part of him, of the Master; at one with him (ridiculous to seem to claim so much—and it only 'over-lapped' at that one point of peace); and it was then that the sense of it, reaching down, broke up my heart and flooded over emotionally. But in any case it was love and adoration more real than I have known before, and I am thankful to Cavé, for I feel sure that it was yesterday's letter, and those books, and the message given me, and the reinforcement from Cavé, that made this possible."

The comment is: "Praise God."

On April 4th Cavé wrote this letter:

"I cannot thank you for your kindness, because there are no words deep enough—only prayers and prayers in my heart. Oh! my dear ——, if you could know how happy you are making me. Never mind what I *was;* let it rest at what I *am,* save as one may hope into that future of deeper and deeper understanding and communion with the Master. At least that is as it is to *me.* For you, know or find out what you will. I do not mean to shut you out from anything. And at the fire of my love yours shall be warmed, if ever there be need. Sometimes I feel as if I had enough for the whole world, and yet I know that I have not even enough to be worthy to offer him of myself. The only love ever worthy to offer is his love in us. So we pray him to teach us to love, to consume our souls in the fire of his love.—As ever, ——.

"Since you seem to think you would like some of my prayers, here are some I constantly use. For the most part they are adaptations."

PRAYERS.

"Dear Lord, grant me always to desire and will that which is most acceptable to thee and which pleaseth thee best. Let thy will be mine,

and let my will always follow thine and agree perfectly with it. I desire to do thy will with the same love and perfection as the angels and saints do it in heaven."——

"Do thou, oh! my Master, establish in my soul thy kingdom, that thy image may be perfectly formed in me, and the virtues of thy sacred heart shine forth in all my actions."——

"When our hearts are heavy and oppressed, when the waves of bewilderment and discouragement go over us, O sacred heart of the Master, have compassion and strengthen us!

"When life is easy and pleasant and our days are full of agreeable occupation, O sacred heart of the Master, have compassion and strengthen us!"——

"O most compassionate Master, who art our salvation, our life, and our resurrection, we implore thee do not forsake us in our needs and afflictions, and by the agony of thy most sacred heart, succour thy servants whom thou hast redeemed."——

"Beloved Master, grant me an increase of faith, hope and charity, and a contrite and humble heart!"——

"Master, I consecrate to thee my heart with all its affections; my soul with all its powers; my body with all its senses. In union with thee, I will live and labour and suffer to do the heavenly Father's will. I will ever be mindful of thy presence and strive to be perfect."——

"My Lord and my Master! Thou didst suffer and suffer far more than this. To thee suffering was familiar. Thou didst choose it for thy lot and thy inheritance, and I—I dread it and refuse it! By thy loving acceptance of pain, give me the courage to accept all I have to suffer. By thy meekness, extinguish my natural disturbance against them that injure me. By thy lifting up of thy heart, teach me how to make use of physical pain. By thy silence, help me to repress murmurs and complainings. By thy ardent love of thy heavenly Father, enable me to understand how affliction may intensify my love of God."——

A letter which refers in some detail to a department of the work, also contains this:

"Poor —— is psychic: when you say that you say all the rest. . . . It *is* all a battle, but the Master's battle in actual fact, which makes us love even that: and we have the satisfaction now of knowing that we fight it together, shoulder to shoulder. I want you to get the happiness from that fact that I am getting."

Then something went wrong. Mrs. S. told me that it had seemed to her as if, after a first thaw, her heart were beginning to freeze harder than ever. Cavé was told of this by the Master, and at once took action, partly in a letter.

" . . . . . For all night long and all this morning, it was not only you that were calling me to help, but the Master, upon whom had come

a grave anxiety which I sensed the more in contrast to the joy of these past weeks.

". . . . . Does what I have written leave you cold? Have I failed to make you feel that which is consuming me now? the sense of the Master's unutterable love for you; of what would be his desolation to lose you again; of the chill fear that you lay on his heart at any hint of coldness or turning away? . . . You *must* hear me, you *must* feel, you *must* understand: that shadow of his anguish is more than I can bear!"

At about the same time, Cavé wrote this note:

"The main thing for you *is* to feel—Heavens, Yes! to feel, feel, *feel.* But if you find, as you seem to be finding, that you react with equal violence from your early morning prayers, then that certainly is not leading you where you want to go, and I would try all methods so as to attain the goal. I too am afraid of 'calm' for you—but then!"

Later came this general word of explanation and warning:

"Yes, I think more than half the trouble comes from not knowing how to manage yourself. You are quite out of hand. How else could it be when you have cultivated this, so as to get what you fancied you wanted, so as to enjoy it when you got it—and to forget.

"It is natural for you to be stormy, to blaze: you have always been like that. It is the natural result—these violent changes and oscillations, when such a nature as yours is out of hand. But certainly a steady fire is what you want—a stedfast passion, and while I can understand that your dread of coldness (a dread I share, as you well know) makes you wish this positive and almost violent feeling as an assurance that you *can* feel (and indeed makes me wish it too for you for the same reason), yet I know that storm and tempest are not the Master's way. He is intense; burns always at white heat, yet with absolute quietude and calm, with a marvelous power of stillness and silence. That is our model. . . . I know the weakness in a blaze. Passion and force that are poised and well in hand are the strong and enduring ones, and I care much for simple and natural things, so be that the force underlies them. I do not like surface things, small feelings, miniature feelings. I like heights and depths, but of force of which the man is master, not that which masters him."

Mrs. S. asked for the return of some of her own letters, written when her heart was melting, that she might read them and gain warmth from their glow. So Cavé sent them, with this note:

"These letters you must keep with the greatest care, please. And not for too long! I prize them as we prize the things we have had to suffer to obtain. And have I not suffered for them? tell me! And through many years, in the present and in the past; for I never, never would let you go, and I never, never shall."

Mrs. S. told me that she had shut herself in her room when she received Cavé's letter, vowing that she would neither eat nor sleep until she had "broken through"—until she could again feel that sense of the

Master's love which she had had and had lost; and that it came at last with an inexpressible outpouring that seemed nearly to tear her soul from her body.

Evidently she wrote Cavé at once, for the answer came back:

"Your letter has made me very happy. You can and will do this thing,—that I know; and in the doing will give a joy, not only to me, but to *him,* greater than you yet can dream of. And still I do not wish to minimize by a word my own joy, and all it means to me: only the infinitely important thing is *his* joy, to us both.

"You must trust, and think constantly of, two things: his unutterable love for you, and your own tremendous power of loving. For though you do not realize it as yet, *that is your power,* and not these mental things with which you have hitherto been concerned. But the kind of life and training you have had has suppressed this side of you, and now it will come out, and in it you will find yourself. But you must be patient with yourself meanwhile: simply forcing yourself to realize that this seeming cold, mental person is *not* you, but a false you, and that the *real* you, the disciple, is this . . . of the flaming heart.

"He told you once, in the old days, that you would conquer the world, but by *love*: do you remember? And *with him.* Meanwhile I love both (yous!), and would gladly give my life to aid you. And you will, I know, in your goodness, let me aid you all I can. You could not do me greater service. Never, so long as I have life, could I forget the way he opened his arms to you today.

"I wish this were better, but I have just snatched a minute from packing. . . . You will make all allowances and feel what I mean, for it is here, flowing out of my hand and pen, from my heart."

At about this time, though without date, Mrs. S. received another letter:

"Remember that we do not face merely spans of years, but *Eternity,* and in that, all, all must come to fulfilment, everything be completely worked out. And so sorrow must come to us, but also joy.

"And must it not be that the desires that spring from Master should often lie outside the sphere of personal consciousness? none the less real and *there?* We know of something here, something there, we want: wayside flowers—very sweet often. I would not belittle them, believe me, for I love flowers; but the essence of the longing—what you call the 'vision' of it—seems 'lost' perhaps, because far, far beyond; closer it may be to *him.* To me this would prove its truth and genuineness. For after all, the loveliest flowers must fade at last, but if their roots lie in Eternity, more and more beautiful flowers will bloom as time goes on. Let us trust life for this, and the compassionate Law, and he who stands to us as its administrator. So we can be happy in it, taking gladly our flowers as they come to us; patient with the thorns when they wound us. This is a child's point of view perhaps? Yet even here it may be that it is well to be like

unto a child. God is Love, and so love must be forever its own exceeding great reward. Such has ever been my faith, and that faith I shall keep to the end, wherever it leads, to death in flames or to heaven."

Then came Easter. Mrs. S. had caught, during her meditation, and had adopted as her own, an ejaculation of Cavé's—"Heart of my King, it is thy loveliness which draws us!" She had written of this, and for Easter received a card on which those words were inscribed, with this added: "Across the grey of Easter dawn a glorious hope smiles into coming day, for me. I hardly dare believe as yet. I hope. Master hear my prayer. . . . 'Loveliness'; yes, that is my word. His unspeakable loveliness. Do you not feel it? And how true it is *today!*"

Mrs. S. told me that that Easter Day had in some sense marked a turning point. There had been another, several days earlier. Her entry to which Cavé had added "Praise God," had been the last on which direct comment had been made. Letters had been written, but as these contained references to matters of very intimate spiritual experience—to matters ordinarily called "occult"—Cavé had requested that they be destroyed. Only a few were preserved.

On the day following that last of the innotated records, there is this brief note: "March 30th. My discovery of Cavé." It meant that she had to some extent become conscious in the inner world, and that with that consciousness, for special reasons and purposes, the Master had given her memory of certain past lives, or of incidents in those lives, with appalling vividness, so that she lived them over again with an immediate intensity of thought and feeling. It did not happen all at once. It only began at the end of March. She had prayed passionately for repentance, and all that was given to her from the past brought home to her such depths of sin and weakness; proved so overwhelmingly the miracle of her Master's love and wide forgiveness, that at last she began to understand something, though not much she said, of what it means to have a contrite heart. She who, although kind in a worldly sense, had been congealed in an occult sense, and who had scarcely ever wept, "sobbed her soul out," morning after morning, at the time of her meditation, for love and sorrow, during a period of nearly two years. Looking back upon it, in the light of later and wider experience, she could see that she had indulged herself. It had been such an ecstasy of relief; such a luxury of self-surrender. There had been too much of that, and not enough of stern self-discipline; not enough of particular resolution and of penance for failure to carry such resolutions into effect. It had been a Purgatory of the emotions rather than a Purgatory of the will. None the less from first to last she moved forward, for this process had been essential to her growth: the flood-gates had been thrown wide open and all the back-waters drawn upon the freed. When the time came, it had not been difficult to readjust and to restore a

balance. In all ways she was sincerely trying, the circumstances of her life providing her with constant opportunities for mortification,—compelling it in many cases, while other opportunities she deliberately sought. Further, there was no concealing her intensity of nature, and she did desire with everything in her to give her life, her "heart, mind, will, understanding, memory," everything she was, had or could be, to the service of the Master.

She wrote to Cavé fully and freely in regard to her inner experience at that time, but made only the briefest and most hurried notes of her daily meditations.

Thus:

"This was an effort to follow 'the flame' of love beyond the mind and to the Master. It was quiet enough. And I did catch a flicker, a glimpse of his face—not clear, but real so far as it went. Still, I cannot count this as a 'good' meditation."

A day or two later:

"This was not what it should have been. I had just written to Cavé, and had said truly that I felt as if in a battle. So I took to this meditation some of the feverishness of battle, and could not quite get rid of it. Yet there was aspiration and even a sense of communion, my mind interpreting it at the time in words like these: 'Little lamb, who wandered, but who returned,—do not wander again: rest in my arms'—the idea being that every time I allow myself to be drawn off by this sense of pressure, of things to do, and of their urgency, I do, as I well know, leave his arms."

A few days later: "6 a. m.: O Master, dear Master, thou art *so* kind! How I thank thee for the suffering thou hast allowed me to suffer."

Then: "From 7 to 7.30: I could not feel—I felt as if I could not suffer; and although I prayed to Master, I could not feel him. So, after ten minutes, I got up from my knees and began to read Cavé's letter of April 11th: and still I could not feel—until the word 'desolation' as what might be the Master's feeling. Then I tried to jump to ∴ and demanded help from Him to love His son; and that moved me, and with tears streaming fast I seemed to be turned over to H. P. B. (not the outer, but the Lion), or to switch onto him; and it seemed that he said something to this effect, pointing with scorn at my tears and choking voice—'A lot of use that is!' So I drew on all I could get from my past and hurled myself at him (dear H. P. B.), with outstretched arm and pointed finger, and shouted at him : 'Then I demand it of you—you used me, you used me—and you *shall* pay back! I demand of you your adoration of him—your power for me to give to him.' And then, really meaning it—'Jeer at me all you choose, dear H. P. B., but give me that!'

"And now I can say and feel 'Heart of my King, it is thy loveliness

which draws us.' But having so appealed to H. P. B., what will happen next? !"

Another entry:

"I was reading—how he wept over Jerusalem; and I loved him. And suddenly it came over me that he was glad that I love him. And I went on my knees and said—'Is it possible? Is it possible?' "

And again:

"Sing, sing, sing, for the Love of the World has found lodgment in your heart, and you cannot die."

Then this:

"One of the most wonderful experiences of my life. Written in letter—'so terrible was Cavé's prayer'—and with one heart and will and prayer, and with arms outstretched to him—an utter melting. It came through from the night before, when Master talked with me alone."

On April 23rd, Mrs. S. made this entry:

"8 a. m. Cavé said to Master: 'This is beyond me—take it.' And this very attitude gave me a certain sort of self-confidence, and I seemed to take hold and to claim Cavé's love for him as my own, at one in that passion to be his. So it was as if Purity and Passion joined in yearning for him—'whose loveliness draws us'—which did not bring sobs, but a curious tearing, like a tree struck by lightning and trembling—upward to him. And I held on to where I was kneeling and grasped so hard that I wondered if there were anything there to break."

Mrs. S. notes at this point that she seems unable to meditate any longer in "the ordinary sense." But this "ordinary sense" was that of past habit, and her further notes show more, not less, of genuine communion. In other words, her meditation was becoming more dynamic; the general level of consciousness had been raised; the high water-mark of previous meditation, having become the average level of daily life, meditation itself flooded over all limitations of past experience or conception. At every stage this is necessary and inevitable. It is as fatal in these as in other matters to get into a rut. We cannot stand still. There must be movement from height to height—or from depth to depth.

In this light the following entry will be more easily understood. Mrs. S. writes:

"I seem to have lost the power to meditate in the ordinary sense. I tried to pass to union with the Master, through Cavé. It seemed at one moment as 'not a good meditation,' when suddenly something struck me: a sense of Master's love for me; the consciousness, 'I too am his child, in some way his child—part of himself.' It was overwhelming, and yet, with it, came a sense of self-confidence such as I have never known before."

She makes this entry in some moment of deep realization: "Instead of punishment he gives us love; and that love is our punishment";—

upon which the following note of a few days later makes an admirable commentary:

"Pain, suffering, which has in it no element of joy, is pure evil—is as evil as joy which has in it no element of pain. It is evidence of non-acceptance, of a rebellious will. To accept pain is to find in it the joy which makes it curative and divine. To carry his cross in our hearts is to find that joy."

Another extract, showing how her experience was deepening:

'A storm, a tempest of love; and a wild rush to Master with the thought, 'It is thy loveliness which draws us.' A plunge into his divine love—and some sense of calm—rather, perhaps, an imperfect ecstasy."

Again:

"An intensity of yearning to give to Master utterly, like the drawing of pith from fibre."

A week later: "O my child, is it so hard a thing to love me, that you needs must flog yourself to the point of it?"

"Friday: I felt myself inside made of spring steel, but in my mind this reflected itself as something tense, which must be wrong. There was immense tensity and spring and impetuosity; but I compared it with how I felt in Paradise, and there was none of this tenseness, only complete self-confidence, and power with repose."

This reference to some experience of Paradise, of which there is no description in her note-book (she told me she had written of it to Cavé), may remind us of St. Paul: "I knew such a man (whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth;)

"How that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter."

Saturday seems to have been uneventful. Her next note reads:

"Sunday: flat on my face, with that terrible sense of the Master's love, and the longing that I might remain for ever in tears of repentance; but that he must live in me, and that I must forget myself. Then came Cavé 'like an arrow from the bow,' and I stood upright to receive of Master—drawn into the flame of his heart."

"He has shown me one thing after another—Purity and Peace—as eternal memories, and for temporary purposes too. Then he showed me his humility, and it crushed me. But when shall I learn *that!*"

As the fruit of some meditation, Mrs. S. writes:

"We must acquire that perfectly simple confidence which springs from knowledge of fact and not from self-assertion—that sort of confidence with humility which the Master showed when he said: 'If ye believe not that I am he (for us, 'his messengers'), ye shall die in your sins.' It will be true of others. To some extent it is now."

She follows this with the record of an experience, which, although expressed in few words, contains a lesson vital to every would-be disciple.

"I thought that I must make myself at peace in order to find the

Master, and then I realized suddenly that all I had to do was to fling myself into his arms in any mood or in any condition, and that those arms are always open."

This interjection is dated a day or two later:

"But it is pain that I would not change for all the happiness I have ever known in my life."

She spoke to me, in after years, of the joy of that purgation—of the joy and pain in one. I asked her if she had read the *Treatise on Purgatory,* usually attributed to St. Catherine of Genoa. She told me she had not.

All the more reason, perhaps, to quote it at this point, as showing that the experience of Mrs. S. was one which many other mystics have had, and that in every case, like Dante, instead of misunderstanding Purgatory as a state to be entered after death only, one and all of them have discovered that Hell and Purgatory and Heaven are knowable here and now.

St. Catherine says:

"For the least vision they [the souls in Purgatory] have of God overbalances all woes and all joys that can be conceived. Yet their joy in God does by no means abate their pain. . . . This process of purification to which I see the souls in Purgatory subjected, I have felt within myself during the past two years."

So we pass to this entry:

"Friday, 6.45 a. m. The anguish of Master's love—like liquid flame in my veins and in my blood. Shaking with it, as with fiery hunger for him. And I think of *his* love, and of his longing to give it —to find hearts to accept it. If some hearts were not open to him, some fearful thing would happen: he, as person, would be consumed. It is his disciples who enable him to remain as man, because they at least a little can receive."

Many of these things I shall not attempt to explain, for much that she told me was for my better understanding and not for publication. Yet the words themselves have so much atmosphere, so much concealed within them of soul experience, that I give them from her note-book, leaving it to the intuition of the reader to get from them what he can. Thus:

"The King's salute. Egypt at your feet. 'Would to God that in that bitter day, *he* might have done this thing!' "

"As if all the passion of the world were lifted to him with love. . . . In that world and also in this, I raised the crucifix in both hands far above my head and said: A thing of gloom no longer, but in Egypt's light."

Finally, for our purposes, there is this:

"In all the tears of my repentance I did not reach a point at which

sobs could not break—at which they almost choked me: yet this morning that is how I pray. And it is his loveliness which draws us. It is a beauty intolerable and blinding. Others have revealed his purity and his tenderness. Perhaps he will some day give it to me to show, darkly as must be through this glass, the passion, the unspeakable, agonizing yearning of his love for you, his children."

That is enough, I think, to give some idea of the place she reached. There were further stages, and consolidation between each stage. But it would be impossible in the QUARTERLY to speak of these things. It is for us to profit from the records of past experience such as these pages have revealed. They will not then have been given in vain. T.

Teach me so to pray, that
Thou, as I, may say, Amen.

JAMES, Earl of Derby, 1651.

There is a vast difference between hatred of self and impatience with self.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

Accept Life and you must accept regret. The man who insists upon seeing with perfect clearness before he decides, never decides.

AMIEL.

ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

The Purpose of Life.

THE purpose of Life, the "Why?" of living at all, the question of the Sphinx, which has been asked so often throughout the ages, remains obscure. No new phrasing may hope to satisfy many minds, yet at least a working hypothesis is necessary in order to make clear what follows:

The purpose of Life—of Evolution—of Existence, is that each human soul shall be reunited to the Central Spiritual Unity, *with ful self-consciousness, and self-realization.* One of the fundamental paradoxes of the spiritual world is that this reunion can be accomplished only by the giving up of self,—of the voluntary surrender of our free-will to the Higher Self. Free-will was the greatest gift which was given to the soul. It was necessary to enable the soul to realize itself,—to become self-conscious. It is the one possession of the soul which, for man's own good, is never withdrawn. Therefore we must carry what St. Bernard so graphically calls "the intolerable burden of our own will," until we reach that point in evolution where we see that further progress is possible only by the voluntary and complete surrender of that will. This, which is the second half of evolution, may take ages, for we must unravel, strand by strand, the complicated net which we have woven about ourselves by the exercise of our free-will during the first part of the evolutionary process. We had to exercise free-will—self-will—during the first part of our evolution in order to gain self-realization—self-consciousness. That acquired, the problem becomes one of untangling ourselves from the meshes we ourselves have created.

Every soul born into human life is encased in a self-created net-work of barriers which separate it from the Spiritual World. It does not matter for practical purposes, and for the understanding of these Elementary Articles, whether, together with three-quarters of the human race, we believe in reincarnation, and that these barriers have been created by ourselves in previous existences, or whether, with prevailing Western opinion, we believe that we acquire these barriers, limitations and predispositions, by heredity and environment. The point is that we have them and must get rid of them.

Our reasons for wanting to get rid of them may differ also. The materialistic socialist of modern times may wish to make us better citizens; the ethical culturist or christian scientist may advocate it because experience has proved it to be the road towards happiness and success; the typical philosopher may argue for it on strict grounds of logic and necessity; or we may adopt the ordinary religious view that it is the Way appointed for the human race to travel, and think of it as an obligation imposed by authority from without; or we may accept the suggestion already made above, that the inevitable destiny of every human soul is ultimate, self-conscious reunion with the Divine, and that the sole purpose of Evolution is to bring this about.

Whichever one of these views we hold, the question of how to live our lives correctly and to the best advantage, is a matter of paramount importance, and the purpose of this series of articles is to restate in condensed form a consensus of the teachings of some of the leading writers of the past on the Art of Living.

We shall endeavor to do this from the point of view which we have indicated above; therefore it becomes vital to keep that fundamental idea in mind in all that follows. To make matters clear we shall restate this basic idea.

The goal of evolution is the self-conscious reunion of every soul with the Over Soul. In order to bring about this self-consciousness, man was given free will. The exercise of this free will, and the disobediences to the Law to which it led, have created many barriers between each soul and the Higher Self. The purpose of living and the experiences of life are to get rid of these barriers. The greatest of these, the one which is the basis and cause of all the others, is that very free-will which was necessary to enable us to become self-conscious. Therefore, our future progress depends upon our getting rid of the barriers which separate us from the Divine, and particularly the barrier of free-will. As these barriers have been created by thousands of years of incorrect living, and are infinite in variety and extent, the process of eliminating them is necessarily a very long one.

The process may be hastened—to any extent—by conscious and self-induced efforts which will remove us from the main stream of evolution. A person who determines to do this and starts on a special course of evolution,—upon a short-cut to Reunion,—is sometimes called a disciple. He can do this in some measure without full consciousness of why he does it. Thousands have and are. It is sometimes said of them that they are "religious" and have a "vocation." There are many rules for their guidance, but all of these are based upon a few fundamental principles. The shortest expression of these is the threefold Rule of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience, when properly understood.

As, however, our barriers are so infinite in variety and extent, it is both useful and necessary to analyze the situation and the process in detail, for the human mind finds it difficult to draw power to act from an

abstract idea. Furthermore, the task itself is so large that it must be taken up piecemeal. We must attend first to those outstanding and obvious barriers which obtrude themselves upon our notice.

The laws which govern the ordinary routine of evolution do not differ from those which govern the disciple, save that the disciple comes more under the sway of certain laws which hardly touch the ordinary man. It is rather a question of intensity, of acceleration. The disciple carries a heavier load, does more work, lives a stricter rule;—a difference of degree and not in kind; but the difference in degree becomes so great that it seems to be a difference in kind, and to all practical intents and purposes, is so.

The Meaning of Pain.

Mankind, as a whole, does not wish to be reunited with the Divine. It wishes to follow its own will and desires; but as its only chance for true happiness and permanent well-being is to proceed along the course of Evolution to the destined goal, the Law slowly but surely drives humanity forward, as a herdsman drives unruly cattle along a road. When one of them strays from the road, he whips it into line. The same is done with man. Pain is the whip, and by means of suffering mankind is driven forward, ceaselessly, if slowly, towards Heaven. Pain is not used as a punishment. Our conception of punishment is a man-made effort to explain what is a mystery. Pain is an automatic consequence of breaking the laws of life. It is permitted because when mankind strays from the straight and narrow path leading to happiness, he must be driven back upon the road for his own good. It is remedial, corrective, regenerative. Another way of stating the same idea is to say that pain is the friction caused by the rubbing of our wills against the Divine will as expressed in the laws of Life.

From another point of view pain is a danger signal which warns us that we are straying from the proper way. The intensity of the pain measures the distance we have strayed. The mystery of pain lies in the fact that it does not always act immediately. We may eat imprudently many times before we have indigestion or headache, and the headache may come at a time when we have been eating prudently for quite a while, but none the less, we know the headache is a warning that we disobeyed the laws of diet and hygiene. This time element in pain, which makes it a mystery, is really a compassionate effort made to save us useless suffering. The Divine Compassion hopes that we will learn prudence and self-restraint by gentler means. Pain is a last resort. We shall be carried into Heaven if we will surrender ourselves completely. Only a few are wise enough to do this. We shall be led and drawn thither if we will trust our Master as guide and leader: more do this, and go forward briskly, though often carrying unnecessary burdens. But the great mass of mankind have to be dragged forward, reluctant and protesting; they need, and they get the whip of pain, and are bound by the iron shackles of necessity. C. A. G.

Jean Christophe, by Romain Rolland, appeared serially in *Cahiérs de la Quinzaine,* founded by Charles Péguy. It is a musical novel, with a profound philosophical and religious background; an undercurrent that reaches its open and complete expression only in the last of the ten volumes of the book. Finished late in 1912, it has already gone through many editions in France, and has been translated and widely read in other countries. The story gives in detail the life and struggles of a great German musician, who is driven from his native city by its narrowness and despotism, and who, taking refuge in Paris, fights his way to fame and success. He comes in contact with every grade of society, with every musical and political clique and faction, with "all sorts and conditions of men." But the career of Christophe is more than a brilliant picture of modern times and a penetrating analysis of present-day tendencies in art, in social life, and in politics; it is the drama of the soul in hell, suffering; longing to escape; seeking light blindly, desperately. And because he has enthusiasm, because he has honesty and courage and perseverance, he reaches a point where passion is exhausted, where mental conceits and intellectual pursuits are found shallow and vain, where work confined by a desire for results has proved utterly sterile, and the broken, humbled soul is forced to turn to God:—and in turning finds Him, speaks to Him, hears His voice. The conversation between the Master and the inmost heart of Christophe, occurring in the last pages of the ninth volume, *The Burning Bush,* is a striking example of what a man, conforming outwardly to no creed or church, but impelled by a spirit of truth, can achieve intuitively. The Master says "Think not of thyself, think of My army." To this the still not completely awakened and therefore argumentative soul replies "I am alone. I have none but myself. I belong to no army." To which the Master replies "Thou art not alone, and thou dost not belong to thyself. Thou art one of My voices, thou art one of My arms. Speak and strike for Me. But if the arm be broken, or the voice be weary, then still I hold My ground: I fight with other voices, other arms than thine. Though thou art conquered, yet art thou of the army which is never vanquished. Remember that and thou wilt fight even unto death."

"Lord, I have suffered much!"

"Thinkest thou that I do not suffer also? For ages death has hunted Me and nothingness has lain in wait for Me. It is only by victory in the fight that I can make My way. The river of life is red with My blood."

"Fighting, always fighting?"

"We must always fight. God is a fighter, even He Himself. God is a conqueror. . . . And the rhythm of the fight is the supreme harmony. Such harmony is not for thy mortal ears. It is enough for thee to know that it exists. Do thy duty in peace and leave the rest to the Gods."

"I have no strength left."

"Sing for those who are strong."

"My voice is gone."

"Pray."

"My heart is foul."

"Pluck it out. Take Mine." . . .

"And if death is in me?"

"Life is otherwhere. Go, open thy gates to life. Thou insensate man, to shut thyself up in thy ruined house! Quit thyself. There are other mansions."

In the preface to the last volume, *The New Dawn,* dedicated "To the Free Spirits—of all nations—who suffer, fight, and will prevail," the author writes "I have written the tragedy of a generation which is nearing its end. I have sought to conceal neither its vices nor its virtues, its profound sadness, its chaotic pride, its heroic efforts, its despondency beneath the overwhelming burden of a superhuman task, the burden of the whole world, the reconstruction of the world's morality, its esthetic principles, its faith, the forging of a new humanity. . . .

"For myself, I bid the soul that was mine farewell. I cast it from me like an empty shell. Life is a succession of deaths and resurrections. We must die, Christophe, to be born again." In this last volume the vision grows clearer; Christophe learns to subdue his nature, to use his creative gifts for God and in God's name; he enters the way of purgatory. And when death comes to him he is at peace, his heart and mind are set only on future service and on an increase of usefulness; he has an unfaltering faith.

Such a novel is rare. The author almost preaches reincarnation, and leads us with sure hand through modern materialistic beliefs to the spiritual heart back of all. In addition to being absorbingly interesting, the book contains brilliant musical criticism both constructive and destructive, and is written in exquisite French, full of poetic beauty and fire. The one drawback is an unnecessary frankness of description in the hero's love-affairs, which does not recommend itself except to mature reading; and which is unfortunately too characteristic of modern fiction. It is possible to read each volume separately, but on this very account no true perspective can be had, because not till Christophe's "resurrection" does that evil side of his nature drop away, leaving him master of himself rather than slave to his body.

Once read, the book will not easily be forgotten. A. G.

Absente Reo, by the Author of *Pro Christo Et Ecclesia,* published by MacMillan & Co. A collection of letters, which we are led to believe is selected from an actual correspondence, addressed to the Rector of an English country parish, by one of his parishioners. His side of the discussion does not appear, though indicated and inferred throughout. The argument of the writer is against the sectarianism which would put limits on what all men must believe, and which too often in complete ignorance of another point of view, condemns it merely as being "outside the church." This is further emphasized by a strong plea for the absolute necessity, in order to save the institution of the church, of a vital religion, of a real and conscious religious spirit that harkens to and obeys the "inward voice." Obedience to the mere forms of the church cannot bring life to that church, because life comes from God, and not from ceremonies. The church can only be vitalized by the Voice of God informing it through the personal lives of its members. This leads the author to the positive contribution of the book, a somewhat scattered but in purpose thoroughly satisfactory exposition of the "Life of Prayer." Whether Jesus came to found a church (the Anglican? asks the author) or not, we today find ourselves with such a church, and we must justify the life and work of Jesus by making it His church, not ours. We can only see our way to the doing of this by the Life of Prayer; and the ultimate test of our religion lies in the power of our prayer. Too few are those who consistently take this position, and live in such a spirit of broad tolerance and true Christian charity.

There is some interesting discussion of modern Biblical criticism, and thoughtful analysis of Mr. Chesterton's *Orthodoxy,* the works of Dr. Figgis, and Father Tyrrell's *Christianity at the Cross Roads.* Here and there may be found some striking sentences, showing penetration, such as: "Religion may surely be defined as walking and talking with God; and we get a true or false religion—does not the course of all religious history show it?—in proportion as God or man does most of the talking."

To those interested in the new spiritual awakening manifest in the church of today, this book will bring encouragement, and will be suggestive as to where to seek, in order to find the source of this growing inspiration. A. G.

Master Keys, by Captain Walter Carey, R.N., published by the Order of the Golden Age, London. An unfortunate book, that one wishes had never been published. It is an undigested mass of so-called facts about the universe, purporting to explain Karma, Reincarnation, after-death existence, and the like; but is in reality a well-intentioned but hopeless caricature of any occult or Theosophic teachings on such subjects. The author is impregnated with spiritualism, which he does not hesitate to introduce as an explanation for everything. The harm done by such writings is very insidious, because whatever of real truth there may be in the statements is so perverted and so false to the spirit of the law, that those who are themselves ignorant are completely led astray. One cannot but deplore the dissemination of such misconceptions of all that Divine Wisdom really means and stands for. J. B., Jr.

In the February *Contemporary Review* there appears a very interesting article by Evelyn Underhill on *"Kabir, The Weaver Mystic."* She tells us that he was a Mohamedan by birth, and was a disciple of the great Hindu reformer, Ramananda. He was born early in the fifteenth century, and died in 1518. His poetry, recently translated by Mr. Rabindranath Tagore, is written in the vernacular Hindu and not in Sanscrit; and in its appeal reminds us strongly of the Christian Mystics Jacopone da Todi and Richard Rolle. Like St. Paul and Boehme, he, too, plied his trade, that of weaving, and in no way let it interfere with his vision or the "meditation of his heart." Little is known outside of traditions about his ascetical training or even of his life; his poems, however, corroborate the legend that he was a married man, the father of a family. From the exquisitely lyrical passages of his verse quoted in this article alone, one can see that he was a real mystic, one of those who had opened conscious communion with his Master. The author comments on this, though her own interpretation of what Kabir really was saying, shows the same limitation that is the one weakness of her otherwise splendidly sympathetic understanding of the mystic point of view. Kabir seems to have been a successful Theosophist in that "It is impossible to say whether he was Brahman or Sufi, Vedantist or Vaishnaivite." He is as he says himself, "At once the child of Allah and of Ram." We feel indebted to Miss Underhill for this latest of her contributions to the lore of mystical writings. J. B., Jr.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY *are invited to submit questions to be answered in this Department.*

QUESTION 167.—*What is the value of contrition as viewed in the light of the doctrine of Karma?*

ANSWER.—If we consider Karma as the law of cause and effect, the effect being unfailingly good or bad according to the quality of the cause; if we believe that Karma controls all manifestations of life, and that life should continually evolve towards a manifestation of truth and love; then contrition is of great value in the light of Karma. Contrition, as I understand it, is profound regret for wrong doing, usually accompanied by great effort to right the wrong which has been done. As every thought or deed starts a chain of cause and effect, which is longer or shorter, more or less vital, according to the degree of energy which gave it birth, genuine contrition for a wrong thought or act, would have a vital quality or force, which would do much to nullify the result of the previous thought or act. Contrition would prevent the continued energizing of the wrong impulse which had been previously started, and it would start a strong new impulse in direct and positive opposition to the original one.

Mere low-spirited regret for wrong thinking or doing, without a *vital* effort to remedy it in thought and deed would represent so little energy that it would not be likely to accomplish much in overcoming the results of the past, though it might prevent a similar deed with its chain of events, in the future. A. F.

ANSWER.—What is contrition? May we not call it a realization of the injury that one's sin has done to others as distinguished from a recognition of the harm done to oneself? Does it not include then something positive—the desire, yes the determination to undo the injury done to others? Put into action (as everything positive should be) contrition includes the effort to undo the injury. Do we not here find the answer to the question? Karma may be regarded as the sum of the good and the evil done by an individual, a nation, a race. Contrition would at least cancel out the evil done and if heartfelt it might lead to right action, cancelling out other evil done. Heartfelt contrition would then be the making of net good Karma for the sake of others. It would seem, therefore that contrition is valuable in terms of Karma, and to any one at all fairminded, a necessity for the sake of others. But it must be heart-felt and expressed in positive action to effect good Karma. G. M. McK.

ANSWER.—Karma is the law of action. It shows us the life cycle of each thought or act that we admit within ourselves. It is a most potent cause of contrition as it shows us the effects of following self-will. One might almost say that the purpose of Karma was to bring contrition. It is not—as so often misunderstood to be—the law of punishment. It is the beneficent pressure that

the universe puts on man to turn him toward his goal. Contrition is the turning of the heart and thereafter if it be complete, man's will works with and not against Karma. R. D. K.

ANSWER.—Contrition means "rubbing." In this literal sense, it is the rubbing away of accretions in the psychic body, and thus an essential part of "purification." C. J.

QUESTION 168.—*Could the word Karma be substituted for the word law in the passage (I Corinthians 15. 56) "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law?"*

ANSWER.—I suppose you could substitute the word Karma, but I do not see any gain in doing so. The law mentioned in the text is evidently Divine or Universal law, as it concerns life and death, and it is the meaning of sin and the relation of sin to Divine law that is to be considered there, I should say. A. F.

ANSWER.—By all means "no," for does not Karma include the good as well as the evil? As one studies matters theosophical does not one realize that there is no punishment in the penological sense but merely an inevitable balancing of accounts? If by sin I borrow from the Force of the World, I must pay back. Was not Lincoln's Gettysburg speech a good exposition of this point? The strength of good, as of sin, is the law; which is expressed in physical terms as "for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction." The law provides this, but Karma would seem to include both the good and the evil, the action and the reaction. G. M. McK.

ANSWER.—Karma has two meanings in Sanskrit literature, both derived from its simple meaning of "work." In the Upanishads it has an all-embracing meaning, something like a "universal law," or "the will of God in action." But in later books, such as the Bhagavad Gita it often has a much more restricted meaning, something like "work done with a 'personal' motive." In this sense, which is close to the mean it has in Buddhism, it comes near to the meaning of "sin." In this sense, one can speak of "getting free from Karma," which, of course, would be impossible where Karma means "universal law." C. J.

QUESTION 169.—*Is there no such thing as undeserved suffering?*

ANSWER.—If by undeserved suffering we mean also useless suffering, there is no such thing. Nor is there suffering that is merely punitive vengeance. The universe does not punish. It strives to cure. When our wills turn aside from the Divine Will life puts a gradually increasing pressure upon us to bring us back and to eradicate completely the evil tendency in us that caused us to turn away. Undeserved suffering, in the sense of vicarious atonement, of taking on ourselves the consequences of the sins of others is a wonderful part of daily life, the crowning reward of love. But such vicarious atonement through love, when completely accepted, is joy and not pain. J. M.

ANSWER.—To any small boy properly brought up under discipline the answer to this question would be an emphatic "there is." Yet to the parent, who in love for the child inflicted the discipline that seems suffering, the answer would be otherwise in any given case. So, where I do not see the reason for suffering that to me seems undeserved, I comfort myself by saying "the Lord is at the very least as wise as I am and He knows—for He loves us infinitely more than any mortal parent loves his child." SERVETUS.

ANSWER.—If suffering is looked upon, not as a punishment or cure, but as an opportunity to learn how to understand and sympathize with our fellow beings who also suffer; an opportunity to gain many qualities which can only be gained through trials, it would be unnecessary to ask if it is deserved or "undeserved." We would simply ask: "Are we worthy to be given this trial and this chance for spiritual growth?" Will we have the spiritual courage or will we let our flesh or our lower nature blind us to our spiritual opportunities? If the law of cause and effect is the law of life, there can be nothing "undeserved," but as the whole universe is linked together, we are affected as members of families, communities and nations, etc. We may have Karma of all these kinds, which is just, but it could not be traced to us as individual Karma. Also we cannot separate our present individual life from our previous lives and their individual results. A. F.

ANSWER.—Try to look at "suffering" not as a synonym of "evil," but rather as an almost invariable concomitant of "growth,"—in the sense of "growing pains,"—and the question takes a new meaning. In this connection, remember the words "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten." Is there such a thing as undeserved love? If so, there will come, as a result, undeserved suffering.
C. J.

QUESTION 170.—*Should the order of a parent or teacher be obeyed if it run counter to one's own intuition of right and wrong?*

ANSWER.—Thomas à Kempis, in Chap. IX. Obedience and Subjection, answers this very completely.

"If thy thought be good and yet thou partest with it for God and followest the opinion of another this shall turn to thy good." * * * * * * *

"Many live under obedience, rather for necessity than for love, such are discontented, and do easily repine, neither can they attain to freedom of mind, unless they willingly and heartily put themselves under obedience for the love of God—go wither thou wilt, thou shalt find no rest, but in humble subjection under the government of a superior." T. M.

ANSWER.—St. Teresa was once told by the Master to do a certain thing, and her spiritual director told her to the contrary. In trouble as to what to do she asked the Master which she should obey. And the answer was a very positive order to obey her spiritual director and that in doing this she would be giving Him, the Master, true obedience. B.

ANSWER.—What, in the spiritual sense, is obedience? Is it not a willing conforming of one's own will to the will of God? Surely no easy thing. Does not God, in His mercy, offer us a gradual training, to fit us to come into living touch with His splendid and terrible will? Is not this preparation obedience of our parents, spiritual pastors and masters, which, little by little, breaks down and melts away the mountain of our own self-will; only after this mountain is gone, will it be possible for us really to obey the divine will. It must be remembered that "obedience" is never negative, but always positive. We can test our intuition, to see if it is really good for anything, by watching its attitude towards the splendid spiritual power of obedience. If it be real intuition, it will tell us that obedience is indispensible, and why. If it fail to do this, it is not really a spiritual intuition at all, but simply one of the "aliases" of self-will. C. J.

QUESTION 171.—*How, in accordance with the Theosophical teaching of reincarnation, is the passage in the Creed "I believe in the resurrection of the body" explained?*

ANSWER.—Of course, the T. S. has no dogma except perfect tolerance, but yet it was the T. S. and what I learned from it and through it that brought me back into the Church and has enabled me to say the Creed with faith and thanksgiving. Physiology and my own recollection prove to me I have not the same body I had at seven years or twenty-one or even thirty-five. But I have a body and though it be different yet I know that I am the same I that used the other bodies. Natural processess have given me several bodies in this lifetime. Natural processes will assuredly give me a body when the Resurrection comes. I do not care what it will be for I know that I will be there—if fitted to survive. So I interpret that clause of the Creed to mean that the "I that I know that I am" will persist and will have its own special vehicle—in other words will positively not be a disembodied, amorphous spirit, without individuality. SERVETUS.

ANSWER.—"But some will say, 'and with what body do they come?'" "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body." (I Corinthians XV) "As putting off worn-out garments, a man takes others new, so putting off worn-out bodies, the lord of the body enters others new." It is not the worn-out physical body that is raised but the spiritual body freed from its physical casing. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—The phrase used in the New Testament, *anastasis ek nekron,* is mystical; the "resurrection from among the dead" being the spiritual resurrection, the second birth. In that sense, the resurrection of the body means, perhaps, the formation of the spiritual body, as taught by St. Paul (I Cor. 16). It would not be easy to show just how far the Councils which framed the Creed were aware of this mystical meaning. C. J.

NOTICE

THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Notice is hereby given that the Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at No. 21 Macdougal Alley (reached from Macdougal Street, on West Eighth Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues), New York City, on Saturday, April 25, 1914, beginning at 10:30 a. m.

Branches unable to send personal delegates are requested to forward proxies for the number of votes to which their membership entitles them under the Constitution, to the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Charles Johnston, care of the Secretary T. S.

Members expecting to attend the Convention are requested to inform the Secretary, Mrs. Ada Gregg, 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

February 28, 1914.

ADA GREGG,
Secretary, T. S.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

ABRIDGMENT OF THE SECRET DOCTRINE, (Hillard)	$2.16
A PRIMER OF THEOSOPHY, by Katherine Hillard	.10
BHAGAVAD GITA, translated by Charles Johnston	1.00
BHAGAVAD GITA, Edited by W. Q. Judge, leather	.75
CABINET SIZE PHOTO, H. P. BLAVATSKY or W. Q. JUDGE	.50
CULTURE OF CONCENTRATION, by W. Q. Judge, paper	.10
DREAM OF RAVAN, cloth	1.00
ESOTERIC BUDDHISM, by A. P. Sinnett, cloth	1.25
FIVE YEARS OF THEOSOPHY	3.25
FRAGMENTS, by Cavé	.60
FROM THE UPANISHADS, Charles Johnston, paper, 75c.; limp leather	1.00
IDYLL OF THE WHITE LOTUS, cloth	1.00
KARMA, by A. P. Sinnett, a novel, cloth	.75
KEY TO THEOSOPHY, by H. P. Blavatsky	2.00
LETTERS THAT HAVE HELPED ME, by W. Q. Judge	
Vol. I, compiled by Jasper Niemand, cloth	.50
Vol. II, compiled by Thomas Green and Jasper Niemand, cloth	.60
LIGHT OF ASIA, by Sir Edwin Arnold, cloth, 75c.; leather	1.00
LIGHT ON THE PATH, cloth, 50c.; leather	.75
MAGIC, WHITE AND BLACK, by Franz Hartmann, M.D., cloth	2.00
MEDITATION, by Henry Bedinger Mitchell	.20
NIGHT-MARE TALES, by H. P. Blavatsky, cloth	.50
OCEAN OF THEOSOPHY, by W. Q. Judge, paper, 50c.; cloth	.75
OCCULT WORLD, by A. P. Sinnett, cloth	1.25
PATANJALI'S YOGA SUTRAS, translated by Charles Johnston	1.25
REINCARNATION, by E. D. Walker, cloth	1.50
REINCARNATION IN THE NEW TESTAMENT, by Jas. M. Pryse, paper, 35c.; cloth	.60
SECRET DOCTRINE, by H. P. Blavatsky, Vols. I and II, and Index, cloth	12.50
SERMON ON THE MOUNT, translated by Jas. M. Pryse, paper, 35c.; cloth	.60
SOME MODERN FAILINGS, Che-Yew-Tsang	.10
TALKS ON RELIGION, by H. B. Mitchell	1.50
THEOSOPHY AS AN INFLUENCE IN LIFE, by Archibald Keightley	.10
THEOSOPHICAL BADGES, gold, 2.50; rolled gold	1.00
THE APOCALYPSE UNSEALED, by James M. Pryse	2.00
THE CREED OF BUDDHA	1.50
THE CREED OF CHRIST	1.25
THE PARABLES OF THE KINGDOM, by Charles Johnston	.20
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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

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